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BOTANIST.

No. 11.

If love be any refinement, conjugal love must be certainly so in a much higher degree. It is the parent of substantial virtues and agreeable qualities, and cultivates the mind while it improves the behaviour.—Spectator No. 525.

WE dedicate the present number to such of our fair countrywomen, as honour these essays with perusal. Our FLORA, on this occasion, has bound her cheerful brow with *myrtle* and placed the *white rose* in her bosom.\* We have moreover selected for a motto a passage from that accomplished scholar and friend of the sex, ADDISON, as containing a charming sentiment, every way proper to precede the history of a female, who not only shone with uncommon splendour as an artist and a botanist, but was rendered still more conspicuous by the additional lustre of conjugal affection, which virtue she exercised at the darkest periods and during the most distressful pangs of human calamity.

Our fair readers will pardon us, if we should fail in celebrating conjugal affection, the groundwork of all the domestick virtues. Teachers of righteousness themselves may excuse us, if we cast a look of regret towards this too much neglected portion of moral philosophy. We have colleges

for teaching every art and science. We have minute directions in gardening and in agriculture. We have numberless books on the doctrine of business; on self policy, or the art of rising in life; on oratory, and on politics; while that which is worth them all, *the doctrine of domestick happiness*, is left comparatively uncultivated,....yet this is that philosophy, spoken of by Lord Bacon, which of all others "*comes home to men's business and bosoms.*"

The history of every civilized nation, nay every man's own recollection, affords abundant proofs, that the female mind is equally capable with that of the male. It is situation and circumstances, that rouse the latent energies of the female soul. Whence is it, that the children of widows become generally better men and better women, than children brought up in conjunction with a father? It is, because afflictive circumstances have called forth the dormant energies of heroick woman, and perfected a virtue peculiar to the sex; a virtue, which originated in conjugal affection. Can this

....  
\* Plants sacred to love in ancient mythology.



evanescent world, this anxious scene exhibit a more interesting sight to the philosopher, than a virtuous widow weeping over her "*houseless child of want?*" Yes! there is one picture still more affecting. It is where the father and husband is worse than dead, through his folly and his crimes. Here, if conjugal love has not been ripened into maternal affection, and grown up into the highest of stoical virtues, nay more, sublimed into religion, the wretched woman sinks into intemperance or is lost in despair. An over anxious and unrestrained fondness is not true maternal affection. The fowls of the air and the beasts of the field have also a blind and furious fondness for their young. Maternal affection is where judgment draws more closely the bonds of nature.

The happiness of the conjugal state appears heightened, says Addison, to the highest degree it is capable of, when we see two persons of accomplished minds not only united in the same interests and affections, but in their taste of the same improvements, pleasures, and diversions. Pliny, one of the finest gentlemen and politest writers among the Romans, has left us, in his letter to Hispalla, his wife's aunt, one of the most agreeable family pieces of this kind ever seen. We refer our readers to 525th number of the Spectator for the letter itself, and hasten to give an account of an ingenious and excellent woman, who enlivened the dungeon of her husband with flowers and entwined his fetters with the *rose* and the *myrtle*.

It is a singular fact, says Dr.

Pulteney, that physick is indebted for the most complete set of figures of the medicinal plants to the genius and industry of a lady, exerted on an occasion, that redounded highly to her praise. The name of

MRS. ELIZABETH BLACKWELL

is well known, both from her own merit and the fate of her unfortunate husband, who, condemned for crimes of state, suffered death on the scaffold in Sweden, in the year 1747.

We are informed, she was the daughter of a merchant in the neighbourhood of Aberdeen; of which city Dr. Alexander Blackwell, her husband, was a native, and where he received an university education and was early distinguished for his classical knowledge. By some he is said only to have assumed the title of Doctor after his successful attendance on the king of Sweden; but I believe the more probable account is, that of his having taken the degree of Doctor of Physick under Boerhaave at Leyden. After having failed in his attempt to introduce himself into practice, first in Scotland, and afterwards in London, he became corrector to a printing press, and soon after commenced printing himself. But being prosecuted by the trade, and at length involved in debt, was thrown into prison. To relieve these distresses, Mrs. Blackwell, having a genius for drawing and painting, exerted all her talents; and, understanding that an herbal of medicinal plants was greatly wanted, she exhibited to Sir Hans Sloane, Dr. Mead, and other physicians, some specimens of her art in painting plants, who



approved so highly of them, as to encourage her to prosecute a work, by the profits of which she is said to have procured her husband's liberty, after a confinement of two years. Dr. Isaac Rand was at that time Demonstrator to the Company of Apothecaries, in the garden at Chelsea. By his advice she took up her residence opposite the Physick Garden in order to facilitate her design by receiving the plants as fresh as possible. He not only promoted her work with the publick, but, together with the celebrated Philip Miller, afforded her all possible direction and assistance in the execution of it. After she had completed the drawings, *she engraved them on copper* and coloured the prints with her own hands. During her abode at Chelsea, she was frequently visited by persons of quality and many scientifick people, who admired her performances and patronized her undertaking.

On publishing the first volume, in 1737, she obtained a recommendation from Dr. Mead, Dr. Sherard, Dr. Rand, and others, to be prefixed to it. And being allowed to present, in person, a copy to the College of Physicians, that body made her a present, and gave her a publick testimonial of their approbation; with leave to prefix it to her book. The second volume was finished in 1739, and the whole published under the following title: "*A curious Herbal, containing 500 Cuts of the most useful plants which are now used in the practice of Physick, engraved on folio copper-plates, after drawings taken from the life. By Elizabeth Blackwell. To which*

*is added, a short description of the Plants, and their common uses in Physick. 1739."* 2 Vol. fol.

The drawings are in general faithful; and if there is wanting that accuracy, which modern improvements have rendered necessary in delineating the more minute parts, yet, upon the whole, the figures are sufficiently distinctive of the subject. Each plate is accompanied with an engraved page, containing the Latin and English officinal names, followed by a short description of the plant, and a summary of its qualities and uses. After these occur the name in various other languages. These illustrations were the share her husband took in the work. This ill-fated man, after his failure in physick, and in printing, became an unsuccessful candidate for the place of secretary to the Society for the Encouragement of Learning. He was made superintendant of the works belonging to the Duke of Chandos, at Cannons, and experienced those disappointments, incident to projectors. He formed schemes in agriculture and wrote a treatise on the subject, which we are told was the cause of his being engaged in Sweden. In that kingdom, he drained marshes, practised physick, and was even employed in that capacity for the king. At length he was involved in some state cabals, or, as some accounts have it, in a plot with Count Tessin, for which he suffered death, protesting his innocence to the last.\*

So respectable a performance as Mrs. Blackwell's attracted the

....  
\* Dr. Pulteney's historical and biographical sketches of the progress of Botany in England.



attention of physicians on the continent. It was translated into German and republished at Norimberg in 1750. To this edition was prefixed a most elaborate and learned catalogue of botanical authors. In 1773 a supplemental volume, exhibiting plants omitted by Mrs. Blackwell, was published under the direction of Ludwig, Rose, and Boehmer. In this form the work of this learned and ingenious lady surpassed

all that had been published. We hope the patrons of botany, that beautiful handmaid of medicine, will gratify the ladies of America with a sight of these splendid books, not merely as a valuable treasure of botanical knowledge, but to show the men to what degree of perfection the other sex may ascend, when their talents are called forth sublimed by conjugal affection.

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### ORIGINAL LETTERS.

#### ACCOUNT OF PAINTINGS IN THE LOUVRE.

*Continued from p. 402.*

No. II.

*Paris, March 5, 1804.*

DEAR FRIEND,

I WILL not wait for an answer to my letter, but continue to write while I have any thing to say ; as I have the vanity to think, that nothing, which I might esteem worthy of saying, will ever be unacceptable to you. I endeavoured in my last to give you some notion of the great gallery here. I said much of Raphael, and much of Paul Veronese. I promised also to send a word or two concerning Titian and Rubens. Of the latter's works almost the whole of the Luxembourg gallery is composed ; so that one may have the advantage of gathering his character, as an artist, from a variety and number of pictures, which are no where else to be seen collected of any one painter. The subjects of this series of his works, I suppose, you are acquainted with. They are all allegorical ; a branch of the art

which Sir Joshua thought best suited to the powers of Rubens. They all, in fact, contain some story ; but such a story as would not reward curiosity to know. Yet such is the splendid, overpowering fascination of his pencil, that every picture rises from his hand with a magnificent prodigality, that seemingly could only flow from stores extracted from the richest sources. Most painters elevated themselves on the grandeur of their subjects ; but it was Rubens' delight to raise dignity from meanness. No man ever possessed such a power of commanding ; he enchains the attention even where he has nothing to say. Like a mighty orator his very looks, his very gestures, are significant ; they awe us into silence and inspire us with expectation ; and if his words should not be to the purpose, they are such, as at least, to extort admiration ; if they do not convict us with arguments, they, at least, enrapture us with their melody,



and overpower us with their splendour.

Thus o'er his Art indignant Rubens rear'd

His mighty head, nor critick armies fear'd.

His lawless style, from cold subjection free,

Impetuous rolling, like a troubled sea,

High o'er the rocks of reason's ridgy

verge

Impending hangs ; but, ere the foaming surge

Breaks o'er the bound, the under-ebb of taste

Back from the shore impels the watry waste.\*

SMELFUNGUS.

\* I suppose you well know that on the sea shore every breaker forms a returning current, which makes its way under the succeeding waves, and of course impels them back towards the ocean.

## THE REMARKER.

No. 1.

*Quæ, quum brevi ostendit quod dictum sit, proponit item breviter quod consequatur.*

AUC. ad HEREN.

BAYLE in one of the notes to the life of Tavernier has justly remarked, that an author, who publishes his work, becomes a party in a publick trial for his literary reputation. This is a metaphor, so striking in its applicability, that it singularly involves argument and illustration. In the opening number of a series of essays, I have therefore determined to avoid all apology ; not that apology is unnecessary, but because it is useless. Excuse is indeed the ordinary refuge of guilt, and necessity of explanation implies mysteriousness of conduct ; but though perfectly conscious of literary weakness, to excuse I shall not resort, to explanation I shall not condescend. In the early feudal ages the *juramentum expurgationis*, either of the party or the vicinage, was high testimony of innocence ; but society has changed ; we live in a different age, and must therefore submit to different institutions.

When a new production in literature is presented to the publick, they have a right to know the object, which it proposes to attain,

and the principles, on which it is established. This right has generally been acknowledged by authors, in every department of letters, without any dispute ; but, by the writers of regular unconnected essays alone, the obligation is lost in the pleasure of the act, and the simple duty is transmuted into a refinement of elegant courtesy. This difference of conduct is curious, and its cause deserves investigation. It results partly from diversity of temper, which alone is mighty in operation among the affairs of men, and principally from the diversity of literary pursuits. The writer of short unlaboured speculations commonly inculcates the excellence, advantages, and necessity of practical ethics ; his literary opinions and criticisms are light, easy, and sparkling, without deep erudition or perplexing abstruseness ; sometimes he may examine the solid foundations of morality ; and religion sometimes receives from his aid new reasons of obligation and new enforcements of obedience. He who discusses these beautiful or su-



blime subjects must be strangely deficient in duty, if he neglect to discourse gallantly to his readers on his intended manner of execution ; on the objects, which occupy his mind, and the principles, which invigorate his exertion. As he sometimes trifles with the fashions of the day, and either sportively talks of concerts and plays, of scandal and the tea table, or seriously censures high gaming and loo parties, he should always endeavour to attract attention to his work by commencing his papers with courteous respect, as the christian knights of chivalry always bowed low to the ladies, when they entered the ground of the tournament. He ought to open his subject, not as if it were exacted by stern authority from servile obedience, but as if intended to conciliate affection and substantiate esteem.

Other writers have other pursuits and are animated by different rewards. They are not "men of honour ;" or, if ever they attempt to imitate the graciousness of Sir Philip Sydney or the glowing soul of Tasso's Tancred, they shew by their impotence and abominable folly, that they are made of the dust and are "stale and unprofitable." This *genus inutile* bury themselves among the manuscripts of museums or the ruins of cities ; they traverse deserts, plunge into caverns, and listen to cataracts ;...the historian discusses the travels of Alexander beyond Indus and the Panjab ; the metaphysician talks learnedly of occult forms and the Gnostick æons ; while the naturalist treats of the strata of mountains and the Megalonyx or the Mammoth ; and

the antiquary decyphers his Otho and the Isiack hieroglyphicks. As these subjects, in the opinion of the authors, are very abstruse, useful, and important, they always demand submission to their sentiments and reverence for their labours. These lords in literature never think of reconciling disgust, of propitiating indifference, or strengthening goodwill ; the world must remain under the deepest obligations for such unmerited favours ; the ponderous folios must be received by mankind with gratitude, like magnificent gifts, without questioning the value of the present, or the motive of the donor. Such men, in the republic of letters, are like Roman dictators ; they silence disputes by punishment, and punish disobedience with death.

The periodical essayist has not received a suitable degree of esteem and admiration from the world, whom he has endeavoured to benefit. If we except the *Spectator* of Addison and the *Rambler* of Johnson, it will not be easy to mention another, who has been honoured and courted according to the goodness of his intentions, the rectitude of his principles, and the perseverance of his labours. The *Adventurer* is sometimes quoted, and the *Mirror* and *Looker-On* are read and regarded, but all the others, from the *Tatler* to the *Pic Nic*, which now lies on the English breakfast table unknown or unregarded, have either gone down to the quiet repose of oblivion, or else are fast hastening to the place of their original destination. Sometimes indeed they will reappear in clusters, like half dead



swallows raked up from a mud pool, and when they have been warmed by a bird catcher, like Harrison or Chalmers, they will faintly twitter for a summer, and then die together all in a heap. Sometimes a solitary writer will burst from the tomb, like Hamlet's father, in strength of arms and kingly apparel, but he ranges only a little while, and when "the glow worm shews the matin to be near," he feels an impotent revenge, descends into the earth, and never can return. Surely these writers deserved better rewards. Their intention was honest and laudable, and these qualities merit some real celebrity. For every good wish, I should hope, there is due a little applause, and for every virtuous exertion I would not circumscribe the sphere of renown.

If the periodical compositions of England are in general forgotten, what fate awaits the American essayist? Even the name is lost in early life. I know not indeed, that our country has added many such works to the bills of literary mortality. The *Lay Preacher* is still alive, but he confines his sermons to the way-faring people and lives in woods and by the pleasant running waters. I am sure, that there is a gentleman in full health and vigour, beloved by all the Muses and the Graces too, though residing in the noise, and bustle, and business of a great metropolis, who is the friend and father of the Lay Preacher, and I could wish that he would deck this offspring in his Sunday clothes and introduce him to the gay world, to the circles of the fair, the witty,

and the great; for I am certain that his short discourses would please the lounge and the ladies, and all would be highly interested in his manners and learning, his company and his talk. Besides this country youth, I once knew, though I now only faintly recollect, a *Gleaner*; but she was ugly as a gypsey and spoke gibberish. An English gleaner with a clean blue stocking and a new straw hat is pretty, and civil, and modest, but the other gleaner nobody cared for; where she has gone to, nobody can tell; I heard a report, that she had died many years ago in a garret or a cellar, forgotten and alone, and I have no doubt, that the story is perfectly true, for her nearest relations know nothing about her.

If there have been any other periodical publications in America, which have assumed the dress of a volume, they have never come to my knowledge, and I can only beg pardon of the authors for not noticing their names. Perhaps there have been many, and perhaps none. But whether the number is great or small, I have no doubt, that they were written with the most praiseworthy intentions. I believe, that the object to be promoted was important or interesting, and that the principles were honest and pure. If then they are forgotten, let not unsuccessful uprightness be depressed; honour and renown are often the portion of knaves and fools; merit is frequently disregarded by the undiscerning multitude, but in the other world every pure motive and every virtuous attempt will be accepted and rewarded.



The *Remarker* claims no high favours ; he only requests a little attention. This may be easily granted, even by merchants and speculators. As he intends either to instruct or entertain, perhaps every one may be willing to know if the intention is fulfilled. But whether the essays are regarded with indifference and neglect, or received with welcome and wreaths, it may gratify the severe censor and the careless reader to know, that as the company at the luxurious banquets of the polished Athenians was never less than the Graces, and never more than the Muses in number ;

so by rhetorical inversion of metaphor, the writers of the *Remarker*, who are to furnish the feast, will be equinumerant to the guests at the Attick entertainments. Such therefore will be the variety of sentiment and composition, that I trust that the readers of this periodical work will be as numerous as the crowded population of Athens ; and I hope, that its critics will be as candid and discerning, as the pure judges of truth and refinement, who guided the taste and extended the glory of that nurse of arts, the Queen of Greece, the *omnium doctrinarum inventrix*. Q.

## OBSERVATIONS

### ON ALLOWING THE CLERGY THE OCCASIONAL USE OF PRINTED DISCOURSES.

Of the clergy of New-England it cannot be denied, that they are sedulous and fervent in duty, with little hope of human praise and with no view of worldly promotion. It may be doubted however, whether the composition of weekly discourses, in which perhaps the greater part of their time is employed, be not laborious without proportional utility. Why this should be so rigidly required, why a good man should thus, as it were, despise all eloquence and reject all instruction, but what is the immediate labour of his clergyman, it may be difficult to tell. There are published in our language many sermons, such as no common preacher hopes to excel ; and it might be for the benefit of all who preach and all who hear, that their use should be occasionally allowed.

By intermingling the sermons

of others, there would be leisure for a clergyman to mature and perfect his own. He would be relieved from the irksomeness of delivering hasty compositions dissatisfying himself ; and his hearers might hope to be often pleased and seldom offended, since his selections would probably be good and his compositions need not be negligent.

There is however, little ingenuity necessary to discover one's objection to this proposal ; that it is an innovation. In our times we have seen so much good destroyed with the pretence of removing evil, and so many rash experiments, in which present blessings have been hazarded and wasted in unsuccessful attempts to procure greater, that he may be excused who has forgotten, that to alter is sometimes to improve. This is however an



objection, which will rather deter us from examining, than assist us in deciding on the question. It is addressed to our fears, not to our understanding.

It is indeed seldom good to destroy what time has spared; what it has rendered familiar is to be loved, and what it has sanctioned is to be revered. But it is the principle of the institution, not the defects of the one nor the abuses of the other, which are to be preserved. Though the tree, bearing fruit, is not to be cut down that we may rear a better in its place, yet it is more than allowable, it is required, to prune away branches which are useless or unhandsome.

The opposition to this proposal from weakness at least amiable, or from principles at least prudent, will not however be the most difficult to remove. There are some, I have no doubt, who will say, that if this periodical labour be in any degree dispensed with, they shall not have from their clergyman the full value of what they have a right to require. I may have weakened the force of this objection by stating it with too much delicacy. The weapon which is clumsy and blunt must be impelled harshly to give it effect.

To spend his life in doing that, which to do well requires talents that are given to few and leisure which is now allowed to none, and the latter more especially, as the former may be wanting, is not one of the principal and essential duties of a clergyman. He is to administer the sacraments of our religion. He is set apart and consecrated from common services

to offer up the prayers of his people. He is to be among them as it were a father, admonishing by his example and reproof by his neglect. There is assigned to him a more than ordinary share of the duties of charity and consolation; he is to "remember the forgotten, to attend to the neglected, and to visit the forsaken." The eloquence of his life should indeed be seconded by the less effectual eloquence of the pulpit; but his publick discourses will not be less pleasing if sometimes the adopted favourites of his taste, and not always the immature offspring of his invention.

I have been hitherto considering the subject, as if the labours of his profession were the only labours of a clergyman; but those, who think their minister intended "for nothing but to write," sometimes however believe that, as a man, he has much other duty to perform. The charge of their souls being little better than a sinecure, they cannot consent that it should be his only employment. A country clergyman is frequently both a farmer, and, to boarding scholars at least, a schoolmaster. "The wisdom of a learned man," says an authority not lightly to be despised, "cometh by opportunity of leisure; and he, that hath little business shall become wise. How can he get wisdom that holdeth the plough, and that glorieth in the goad; that driveth oxen, and is occupied in their labours, and whose talk is of bullocks?"

The hurried manner, in which the sermons of our clergy are at present necessarily composed, not only renders them less valuable, but induces habitual carelessness



and inattention. He, who is often obliged to take into service whatever thoughts chance first to offer, that his required number may be complete, will lose the power of selection by prescriptive disuse. The faculties of the mind, (literary taste and acuteness, certainly as much as any) become torpid, and decay if neglected. As for invention too, whatever may be thought, there is almost as little opportunity for its exercise in these prolific labours, as for that of taste. There are very many acknowledged truths and prevailing prejudices; very many propositions, which, when enforced, no man feels more strongly, because no man ever denies; very much beautiful imagery, which has however lost a little of lustre by continual use; and all this common treasure is at the service of him, to whom is no proper wealth from the labours of invention.

The man of genius, who *paints for eternity* must paint like Appelles, and the man who, with moderate talents, would attain moderate excellence, must use similar labour; labour not diffused without effect over a multitude of objects, but concentrated and illuminating one. He, who would write what may be read with instruction or delight, must patiently accumulate his treasures and employ them with careful munificence. Many of our clergy however (not perhaps from any personal fault, but from the unfortunate neglect of literature among us) enter their profession with the little knowledge of a very defective education, and that little every day decaying; not even ac-

quainted for the most part with the classical languages, those keys, which beside admitting us into the pleasant paths of ancient poetry and eloquence, open the way into the holy *penetralia* of our religion. Ignorant as they may be however of books or of men, they are still to write, not "*with patient touches of unwearied art,*" but continually and hastily; and their labours must become every day more feeble, as their minds are more exhausted. Why should leisure be denied to these, to learn what they ought to have learned before, to write slowly, and thus perhaps to write well? Why should it be denied to those, whose education has been more complete, and who by promoting the literature may promote the elegance, and taste, and virtue, and power of our country?

Religion has appointed her holy days as resting places for man, where he may stop to review the past and to prepare for the future. They should be sacred from the cares of life. The Temple of God (to apply the language of inspiration) should be *a refuge from the storm and a shadow from the heat*. They are intended to recal us from business and from pleasure, and to disengage us from their allurements; they are intended too, to give to those, struggling with misfortune, a truce at least from the warfare of the world.

That the recurrence of these days should by every proper means be rendered delightful, who will deny? Yet who will affirm, that the publick exercises of these days are always such as to allure attendance? Who will af-



firm, that he has not sometimes been wearied and sometimes disgusted? Who will affirm, that the ridicule of the light and the gay has not sometimes glanced from the speaker to his subject, and even religion and virtue become less respected by the meanness of their advocates? Who will affirm, that former good impressions have not been partially defaced by him, who has unskilfully attempted to renew them?

These are questions, I know, not lightly to be asked; the implied assertions are not hastily to be made. But these evils, if they do exist, (a thing very unpleasant to believe, but hard to be doubted) may be removed, in some degree at least, by allowing such as want leisure occasionally, and such as want talents often to resort to the volumes of those, who have "*poured out doctrine as prophecy and left it to all the ages forever.*"

The writings of men of former days with their real excellence, whatever it may be, have beside an accidental recommendation. In every age and country there are favourite virtues and prevailing vices, and these vices are frequently nothing more, than those virtues degenerate and excessive, engrafted upon some one of the passions, instead of growing naturally from principle. Now these vices, though most requiring censure, will be engaged with too little disfavour by men, who are themselves interested in the passing scene, who are affect-

ed by the prejudices and have their share of the character of the age, and whose disgust is weakened by frequency of observation. It is from those alone, who have lived in times of a different character, that rigid and impartial sentence is to be expected upon vices, which did not then shelter themselves under the name of some favourite good quality. He who travels may divest himself of the prejudices of his country; he who studies the works of our forefathers may free himself from the prejudices of his age; he who studies their morality may free himself from its vices.

I would therefore recal as it were to the pulpit the sacred orators of other times. I would recal the various eloquence of South, the persuasive sincerity of Tillotson, the equable elegance of Atterbury, and the Grecian simplicity of Sherlock.\*

*Cernere uti videamur eos audireque coram*

*Morte obita, quorum tellus amplectitur ossa.*

I would thus recal in some measure the virtues of our forefathers, and entwine our elegance of manners around their strength of principle.

....

\* There are others, whom I am not worthy to praise; but though many, like me, may have not read their discourses, all have heard of Butler, and Barrow, and Clarke.



## SILVA.

No. 7.

*In ingenio quoque, sicut in agro, quanquam alia diu servantur & atque elaborantur, gratiora tamen quæ sua sponte nascentur.*—TACITUS.

MRS. RATCLIFFE.

I CLAIM the privilege of being one of the admirers of this wonderful woman. It is easy to find a thousand faults with her writings, and faults, which cannot be defended on any of the canons of criticism. But I have forgotten her faults, and remember only her beauties. Her imagination is inexhaustible, and her fancy sometimes displays itself in descriptions, of unequalled beauty. She is in truth always a poet, except when she writes verses. Her grand excellence however is in the conception and impression of character, and her greatest character is undoubtedly Schedoni. There is nothing within the whole compass of the Epos or Drama superiour to it. It is long since I read the Italian, and yet the image of the dark, mysterious, horrible monk is almost as vivid, as when it was first impressed. The scene on the seashore no reader ever yet forgot.—And this woman is now a maniac.

## IMPURITY OF THE CLASSICKS.

WE hear much of late from the opposers of learning of the licentiousness of the classicks and of its effect on youth. Those, who can read them, however, laugh at the charge. Would such writings have received the approbation and almost devotion of Hooker, of Hales, of Mede, and of Fenelon? I designedly name men of even punctilious piety. The truth is, the charge

proceeds from those, who do not read the classicks; all who do, know that it is groundless. The impurity, which words can excite, arises from irregular associations, and these associations, if they exist, cannot be excited by the words of a language which has ceased to be spoken. With a man indeed of such an imagination, so polluted as to find impurity in the most unmeaning expression, this may not be true. But happily debauchees never read the Classicks. In order however to destroy the efficacy of this feeble weapon, expurgated editions of the most licentious writers have been published, and in their zeal the University of Paris sometimes proceeded to a laughable extreme. It must certainly, for instance, be a most termagant chastity, which can apprehend danger from Horace's *Dulce ridentem Lalagen almabo*, yet it was thought necessary to change the line to *Dulce ridentes socios*, and an edition was actually published with this mutilation.

## POETRY OF MOORE.

BUT harmless as is the licentiousness of the classicks, it is impossible to look with equal indifference on the same fault in our own language, and in our own times. The poetry of Moore is read with emotions bordering on horror, by every mind which retains any sanctity and healthiness of principle. It is indeed without parallel. Even



Catullus, the careless and vivacious libertine Catullus, in an age of the deepest profligacy, thinks some apology necessary, and confesses,

*Castum esse decet fimum poetam,*  
though he thinks, that a writer of *little verses* may be indulged with some licence. It is then a subject of serious and almost awful consideration, that in the present state of society any writer should presume thus to cry "Havock" against decency, and that his poems should find admission into any other libraries, than those of a brothel.—I feel and admire the talents of Moore. But is his reputation to rest on no nobler basis? Can he consent to be deified by prostitutes, or to have his praises chaunted only amid the wild and lascivious revelry of the crew of Comus? Is this a worthy exercise of the bright-eyed fancy of the poet? And can he think, without shuddering, that his writings may have contributed to awaken the yet dormant passions of innocence, or to revive the loathsome prurience of gray and tottering iniquity?

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JOHNSON'S VANITY OF HUMAN WISHES.

THE Vanity of Human Wishes is I think fully equal to the 10th satire of Juvenal; though that satire is doubtless the master piece of its author. Johnson above any writer that can be named was formed to be the imitator of Juvenal; an author whose peculiarity he describes, "as a mixture of gaiety and stateliness; of pointed sentences and declamatory grandeur," but who is with-

out any of those aerial and indescribable beauties, which are the offspring of feeling and taste, and which Johnson, as he could not feel, could neither imitate, nor admire. The subject too is peculiarly fortunate; so darkened and solemn; so kindred to the melancholy philosophy of the author of *Rasselas*. It calls forth all the felicity of his powers, and if he is ever a poet it is in this imitation. The portrait of Charles XII., corresponding to that of Hannibal in the original, is singularly happy. I know not which to prefer, though the greater merit is undoubtedly Juvenal's, because in the finest passages Johnson imitates him most closely. The instance of Wolsey is not a perfect parallel with Juvenal's Sejanus, though it might not perhaps be easy to select a better. The lines themselves too are indifferent; while the description of Sejanus is given in Juvenal's keenest and most vigorous manner. Johnson's closing lines are noble and inimitable. I wonder however, that he should neglect a sentiment of the original, which I suppose is by far the most sublimated and devout; by far the brightest apprehension of the Divine Benevolence, that can be found in the writings of all antiquity. It is this short sentence.

*Carior est Diis homo quam sibi.* 1. 250.  
More dear to God than to himself is man.  
GIFFORD.

—  
FAITH.

THERE is a story in one of Dr. Jortin's works, which I will transcribe, because it is a good one in itself; but principally because it will display the manner in which



he enlivens his writings, and relaxes the melancholy brow of Ecclesiastical History.

‘ Since it is sometimes so nice a thing,’ says he, ‘ to settle the boundaries between orthodoxy and heterodoxy, the only way to be safe is to imitate the prudent monk, who, when Satan would have drawn him into heterodoxy by asking his opinion on a certain point, answered, *Id credo, quod credit ecclesia*. But *Quid credit ecclesia*, said Satan. *Id quod ego credo*, replied the other.’

—  
HORACE WALPOLE.

THERE is no man, of any rank in literature, who seems to me to have lived more completely in vain, than Lord Orford. He used life, as if he thought it a bauble, which we are to toss about for a few hours, and when we are weary, to resign ourselves to repose, which will never be interrupted. He amused himself, for none of his works have claims to a more dignified character than amusing, with writing “*Historick doubts*,” which have some ingenuity, without either accuracy or utility ; a “*Catalogue of royal and noble authors*,” of some value, but of little merit ; the “*Mysterious Mother*” & “*Anecdotes of painting*,” which are said to be his best attempts. Besides these he published some pretty letters and some neglected verses. The rest of his life was wasted in writing a romance, determining the antiquity of a picture, reviving forgotten scandal, or retailing bon mots. Such a man as this however did not fear to deride Johnson, dislike Cervantes, and ridicule christianity.

#### AMERICAN POETRY.

THE common charge against us of poverty of genius is least easily eluded, when we are told, that America has never yet produced a poet of more than second rate excellence. We can account pretty well for not having any rivals to the philosophers and scholars of Europe ; but poetry has no necessary alliance with opulence and refinement. Its fullest and richest tones have often been heard, where science never raised her voice, and refinement never imprinted her footsteps. The birth place of the original poet has often been, where, as in our country, nature appears in all her rudeness, where the mountains rise in their unsubdued and gigantick elevations, the cataracts fall without mechanical precipitation, and the rivers roll without artificial meanders. The only reason, that I can think of, without admitting the justice of the charge, is, that our writers import the style and imagery of the poets of England, as much as our merchants do its wares. The new appearances of nature in our country, one would think, ought to have extended the limits of an art confessedly imitative. But our poets have been contented with attempting to revive the lilies and roses of Europe, all whose leaves are withered, and all whose fragrance is exhausted by having been so long plucked, and having been transferred to so many possessors. When we are farther advanced in refinement, we shall have poetry of as much beauty, as any that has recently appeared in Europe ; but whilst we contin-



to receive our riches by inheritance, and not to produce them by our vigour, we shall not be able to boast of any imperishable

name ; of one, who may sit down with Homer, Milton, and Shakespeare.

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VOLTAIRE ON VIRGIL.

GENTLEMEN,

I SEND to you for publication in the Anthology the translation of a letter, written in French by M. Fontanes, containing observations on some notes, in the hand writing of Voltaire, on the margin of a Virgil, found in his library. The letter was published in the second number of the new series of the *Mercur de France*, 5th of July 1800, a periodical journal, which was suppressed during the revolution, but which had been established for more than a century, and had acquired great reputation by the genius and learning of its conductors, in the list of which were the names of Marmontel, Champfort, and M. de Laharpe, who were numbered among the most illustrious academicians of France. Fontanes is a gentleman of taste and learning, who has for a long time held a distinguished rank in the republic of letters, and who has contributed much by his well written essays to the high estimation, which the literary world are disposed to allow to the *Mercur de France*. His oration, on the death of General Washington, in the *Champ de Mars* at Paris, takes a high rank among the funeral panegyrics, which that occasion produced. It sometimes exhibits that gorgeous imagery, which distinguishes the eloquence of France, as displayed in the *Oraisons funébres* of Bos-

suet ; and many of those simple touches and insinuating impulses of tender passion are discoverable, with which the sermons of Massillon abound, and to which the poetry of De Lille is indebted for its peculiar fascinations. The following letter is full of pleasant literature ; it will agreeably detain the idle reader for a few minutes ; and though it does not aspire to the high dignity of regular criticism, it will surely be interesting to those, who would regard with delight the smallest notice on the great national poet of Rome, by him, who was afterwards to assume the same place in the literature of France. Voltaire was indeed young, when he wrote upon Virgil, but his was the youth of a giant. If Leonardo da Vinci had painted the retreat of Æneas from the ruins of the city of Priam, though the Trojan Chief, in strength of manhood and ripeness of years, would be the most important figure in the composition of the picture, yet who would not view with peculiar interest the tender Iulus, treading in the steps of his father, and perhaps anticipating the day, when he was to reign in the kingdom of his predecessors ?

SAMFSCISERAMUS.

....

TRANSLATION.

THE loss of Voltaire's library cannot be too much regretted.



The greater number of the books, which composed it, were filled with remarks, written with his own hand, which proved the immense extent of his reading and knowledge. We might there perceive a superiour understanding employing all the treasures of memory, refuting by a single passage a long production, and condensing in a few words the result of fifty years' meditation. Gentlemen of credit, who have seen the library of this great man, will attest, that this eulogy is not exaggerated. Circumstances have procured me a copy of Virgil, which belonged to Voltaire, on the margin of which he has scattered various observations. His chirography is easily to be recognized, and the testimony of his secretary, Vanieres, corroborates its authenticity. Nothing at first view promises more interest, than criticisms on the author of the *Æneid* by that of the *Henriade*; but Voltaire was unfortunately very young, when he made these remarks, of which I am the depository. It appears to me, that at that period, fraught with the instruction of father Poreé, he had just left college, and therefore almost all his remarks are written in latin. We perceive, that he had studied with care the language of Virgil...he comments on the peculiar expressions of the Roman poet...he illustrates the affinity between him and the Greek authors, whom he imitated...he explains, by a short paraphrase, some of the elliptical and figurative expressions, with which he was delighted. Such a labour, undertaken by Voltaire in his early youth, is at once a reproach

and a lesson to so many modern authors, who have neglected the most indispensable studies, and who call themselves men of letters, to the disgrace of our age.

I confess, that the greater number of the notes, which I have perused, contain nothing remarkable, altho' they discover throughout, that his erudition was very extensive for so young a man. Five or six only forewarn even the most critical observers of the future mind of Voltaire. To manifest this it is perhaps sufficient to mention the apparent indifference, with which Voltaire appears to have read the *Eclogues* and *Georgicks*. The last work, the most perfect of antiquity, has not furnished him with the smallest remark, and of the *Eclogues*, only the following line has received any mark of his commendation.

*Ut vidi, ut perii, ut me malus abstulit error.*

This he underscored, because it contained an expression of passion. The 3d *Eclogue*, imitated from Theocritus, appeared to him unpolished in some of its details...the 9th, cold...the 4th, too elevated for Bucolick compositions.

From this epoch we perceive Voltaire's exclusive preference for moral and dramatick poetry. He reserves all his attention for the animated scenes of the *Æneid* and entirely neglects the interesting nature of the rural paintings...the perfection of the picturesque details, which all ages have admired in the *Georgicks*. Thenceforward we may conjecture, what will be the character of his genius. We are no longer surprised, that Voltaire, equal to the



greatest masters in delineating the passions, should be almost always their inferiour in his pictures of nature ;...it was because he never loved the country, and because from his youth he never had lived in it.

All epick poets before him, and this observation is I think very important in the history of their productions, wrote pastoral poetry in their youth, or works of an analogous nature. Virgil, before he had described the sack of Troy and the combats of Turnus and Æneas, had chaunted of Tityrus and the old man of Galesus. The Rinaldo of Tasso was preceded by his Aminta. Camöens, in the commencement of his poem, while addressing himself to the nymphs of the Tagus, reminds them of the Eclogues, with which they had inspired him. Even the sublime genius of Milton has attempted rural imagery in his *Lycidas* and *Il Penseroso*. Homer, in fine, loses no opportunity of retracing, amid the horrors of war, the charms of the tranquillity of a rural life. Voltaire has drawn from this original source of true beauty less, than all the others. His youthful days flowed away among the fascinations of the arts and society. He lived in the country during his old age only, and then he carried with him more philosophy, than passion. Having cherished for fifty years different impressions, he could not, even surrounded by the Alps and the Jura....on the banks of the lake of Geneva, and in the presence of the genius of nature, abstract himself for a moment from the illusions of the theatre. Whatever was not related to the drama,

in his estimation was of inferiour rank. This opinion has sometimes bewildered his judgment, and caused him to neglect several essential parts of the art. Thus, in his descriptive poetry, we often wish for images, more true, and more precise....a harmony more judicious, and a character more original. This defect is often felt, particularly in the *Henriade* compared with the poems of antiquity ; but even this is no excuse for the criticks, who close their eyes to its beauties, some of which are real and even peculiar, and the work itself will always be ranked with the first monuments of French poetry.

It is then true, that, even in the infancy of men of splendid talents, we may conjecture what will be the character of their genius. Voltaire, while a child, preferred the movements of passion to the calm and happiness of rural life. Racine affords an opposite example in the remarks of his youth on the tragedies of Sophocles and Euripides. His affectionate soul dwelt with delight on those very details, which could not fix the impatient and restless sensibility of Voltaire. Pastoral images, hospitable manners, always received profound respect from the future creator of *Athaliè*. Even in the earliest reflections of these two great dramatick poets we perceive a glimmering of the characteristic difference of their style. Voltaire judges only of the whole manner, and the general beauties. He admires less often the effects of imitative harmony, those bold expressions, those expert combinations of words, happily collocated, which



are the fruit of profound meditation and of skilful art. Very different was the progress of Racine. I have read some of his notes in the margin of a Horace, which had been in the possession of his son and Lefranc de Pompignan. We find, that the most perfect of our poets did not become so, but in studying continually, and in its minutest details, all the secrets of the poetick style. He had marked many expressions of Horace, as fit to be transplanted into French poetry. By the side of the words *nigrum pulvere* he had written *noire de poussiere*, and added, *this expression may be transferred with success into our language*. In the same copy, on the margin of the well known passage in Horace,

*In me tota ruens Venus  
Cyprum deseruit,*

was found this admirable verse of Phœdra,

*C'est Venus toute entiere a sa proie attachee.*

Voltaire's notes on Virgil do not offer, as I have said before, a single remark so interesting. The first, second, fourth, and sixth books of the *Æneid* are filled with marks of the pencil, the fifth has very few of them. The book, which Montaigne regarded as the chef d'œuvre of the versification of the first of Latin poets, could not arrest the attention of Voltaire, and precisely for the same reason that he read so cursorily the *Eclogues* and *Georgicks*. The episode of Nisus and Euryalus is the part of the ninth book which he most extols. The delicate impulse of passion, which terminates this episode, and by which Virgil introduces himself in this scene of the *Æneid*, ap-

peared to him singularly beautiful.

*Fortunati ambo, si quid mea carmina possunt  
Nulla dies unquam memori vos eximet ævo.*

Therefore he has not failed to imitate it, at the end of the combat of the two D'Ailly, in the eighth book of the *Henriade*.

*Pere, epoux malheureux, famille déplorable, etc.*

The lines, which expressed a sentiment, always attracted his attention. The line,

*Non ignara mali, miseris succurere disco,*

is carefully marked, and in the margin against it he has written, *versus mirificus*. Voltaire remembered his original admiration of this verse, when he wrote that charming line of Zaire, in which the same thought occurs with a different sentiment,

*Qui ne sait compatir aux maux qu'on a soufferts?*

When Dido, after having loaded Æneas with reproaches, addresses her sister in order to move her compassion in those well known verses,

*Anna vides toto properari littore circum, etc.*

Voltaire eulogizes the happy artifice of this discourse, and recalls that line of Phœdra to Ænona,

*Presse, pleure gemis, peins—lui Phedre mourante.*

He repeatedly observes, and this observation has been made by others, that Virgil seems to disregard the uniformity of the same sounds recurring at the hemistich and at the end of the line. Examples of these are sufficiently numerous in Virgil, and in the poets which succeeded him. It seems, that this species of beauty,



if it sometimes is one, degenerated into affectation after the age of Augustus. This is probably one of the reasons, why those famous lines, attributed to Nero,

*Torva mimalloneis implerunt cornua bombis,*  
etc.

appeared so affected to Persius ; ...but we cannot deny, that the return of the same sounds has sometimes been designedly contrived in the poetry of Horace and Virgil. The Asclepiad verses of the first, particularly, offer frequent examples of it.

*Metaque fervidis  
Evitata rotis palmaque nobilis  
Terrarum dominos evehit ad deos.*

Rhyme is not a barbarous invention, although some have said so, who believed themselves philosophers. By means of a true philosophy they would have found in nature, and in the organization of man, the causes of the pleasure which it affords him. They would have learned, that it was natural in every nation, and that the first verses in every language have probably been rhymes.

Voltaire observes very judiciously, that in the beautiful lines of the second book,

*Uteroque recusso  
Insonuere cavæ geminæque dedere cavernæ,*

the four lines prolong and double the harmony by the repetition of similar sounds. He blames, and perhaps with some reason, the same effect repeated nearer the end of the book.

*Trojaque nunc staret Priamique arx alta manens !*

It is very certain, that we do not perceive here the necessity of the same harmony. How many beauties of this kind would a man

like Voltaire have discovered in the *Æneid*, if he had made his comments at a more advanced age ? But it is not now genius estimating genius, it is a pupil of Poree who was improving himself in the knowledge of the Latin language. By the side of the sublime description of *Ætna*, in the third book of the *Æneid*, he refers to the first Pythique of Pindar, in which he has so well described the rage of *Typheus*. He transcribes some Greek verses and cites them with great applause, whence we may conclude that Voltaire, notwithstanding what has been said of him, had studied Greek, and that there was one time at least, when he could admire Pindar.

We recognize, even in these notes, traits of the satirical spirit of Voltaire. At the close of the sixth book, when Anchises has shown to his son the whole succession of his descendants, Virgil terminates very abruptly and speaks, without any transition, of the two gates of sleep, through which dreams proceeded,

*Sunt geminæ somni portæ, etc.*

Voltaire wrote on the margin, *Hic Virgilius oblitus sui est, nisi lacunas fuisse velies.* Upon reflection we are disposed to think with Voltaire, that there is in this place an absolute *hiatus*.

I could have wished to have made a more abundant harvest, but I foresaw that it must be limited. I flatter myself, that the celebrated names of Voltaire and Virgil will excuse the minuteness of these details, and give them some value. FONTANES.



## SACONTALA : OR, THE FATAL RING.

*Continued from p. 413.*

## ACT III.

SCENE—*The Hermitage in a Grove. The Hermit's Pupil bearing consecrated grass.*

PUPIL.

HOW great is the power of Dushmanta !—The monarch and his charioteer had no sooner entered the grove, than we continued our holy rites without interruption.—What words can describe him ?—by his barely aiming a shaft, by the mere sound of his bow-string, by the simple murmur of his vibrating bow, he disperses at once our calamities.—Now then I deliver to the priests this bundle of fresh Cusa grass to be scattered round the place of sacrifice.—*(Looking behind the scenes.)* Ah ! Priyamvada, for whom are you carrying that ointment of Usira root, and those leaves of water lilies ?—*(Listening attentively.)*—What say you ?—That Sacontala is extremely disordered by the sun's heat, and that you have procured for her a cooling medicine !—Let her, my Priyamvadá, be diligently attended ; for she is the darling of our venerable father Canna.—I will administer, by the hand of Gautamí, some healing water consecrated in the ceremony called Vaitána. *(He goes out. Dushmanta enters, expressing the distraction of a lover.)*

*Dushm.* I well know the power of her devotion : that she will suffer none to dispose of her but Canna, I too well know. Yet my heart can no more return to its former placid state, than water can reascend the steep, down which it has fallen.—O God of Love, how can thy darts be so keen, since they are pointed with flowers ?—Yes I discover the reason of their keenness. They are tipped with the flames which the wrath of Hara kindled, and which blaze at this moment, like the Bárava fire under the waves : how else couldst thou, who wast consumed even to ashes, be still the inflamer of our souls ? By thee and by the moon, though each of you seems worthy of confidence, we lovers are cruelly deceived. They who love as I do, ascribe flowery shafts to

thee, and cool beams to the moon, with equal impropriety ; for the moon sheds fire on them with her dewy rays, and thou pointest with sharp diamonds those arrows, which seem to be barbed with blossoms. Yet this god, who bears a fish on his banners, and who wounds me to the soul, will give me real delight if he destroy me with the aid of my beloved, whose eyes are large and beautiful as those of a roe.—O ! powerful divinity, even when I thus adore thy attributes, hast thou no compassion ? Thy fire, O Love, is fanned into a blaze by a hundred of my vain thoughts.—Does it become thee to draw thy bow even to thy ear, that the shaft, aimed at my bosom, may inflict a deeper wound ?—Where now can I recreate my afflicted soul by the permission of those pious men, whose uneasiness I have removed by dismissing my train ?—*(Sighing.)*—I can have no relief but from a sight of my beloved.—*(Looking up.)*—This intensely hot noon must, no doubt, be passed by Sacontala with her damsels on the banks of this river over-shadowed with Támalas.—It must be so :—I will advance thither.—*(Walking round and looking.)*—My sweet friend has, I guess, been lately walking under that row of young trees ; for I see the stalks of some flowers, which probably she gathered, still unshrivelled ; and some fresh leaves, newly plucked, still dropping milk.—*(Feeling a breeze.)*—Ah ! this bank has a delightful air !—Here may the gale embrace me, wafting odours from the water lilies, and cool my breast, inflamed by the bodiless god, with the liquid particles which it catches from the waves of the Máliní.—*(Looking down.)* Happy lover ! Sacontala must be somewhere in this grove of flowering creepers : for I discern on the yellow sand at the door of yon arbour some recent footsteps, raised a little before, and depressed behind by the weight of her elegant limbs.—I shall have a better view from behind this thick foliage.—*(He conceals him-*



*self, looking vigilantly.*)—Now are my eyes fully gratified—The darling of my heart, with her two faithful attendants, reposes on a smooth rock strown with fresh flowers.—These branches will hide me, whilst I hear their charming conversation. (*He stands concealed and gazes.* Sacontalá and her two Damsels discovered.)

*Both.* (*Fanning her.*) Say, beloved Sacontala, does the breeze, raised by our fans of broad lotos leaves, refresh you?

*Sac.* (*Mournfully.*) Why, alas, do my dear friends take this trouble? (*Both look sorrowfully at each other.*)

*Duskm.* [*Aside.*] Ah? she seems much indisposed. What can have been the fatal cause of so violent a fever?—Is it what my heart suggests? Or—[*Musing*]—I am perplexed with doubts.—The medicine extracted from the balmy Usíra has been applied, I see, to her bosom: her only bracelet is made of thin filaments from the stalks of a water lily, and even that is loosely bound on her arm. Yet, even thus disordered, she is exquisitely beautiful.—Such are the hearts of the young? Love and the sun equally inflame us; but the scorching heat of summer leads not equally to happiness with the ardour of youthful desires.

*Pri.* [*Aside to Anusúyá.*] Did you not observe how the heart of Sacontala was affected by the first sight of our pious monarch? My suspicion is, that her malady has no other cause.

*Anu.* [*Aside to Priyamvada.*] The same suspicion had risen in my mind. I will ask her at once—[*Aloud*]—My sweet Sacontala, let me put one question to you. What has really occasioned your indisposition?

*Duskm.* [*Aside.*] She must now declare it. Ah! though her bracelets of lotos are bright as moon beams, yet they are marked, I see, with black spots from internal ardour.

*Sac.* [*Half raising herself.*] Oh! say what you suspect to have occasioned it.

*Anu.* Sacontala, we must necessarily be ignorant of what is passing in your breast; but I suspect your case to be that which we have often heard related in tales of love. Tell us openly what causes your illness. A physician, without knowing the cause of a disorder, cannot even begin to apply a remedy.

*Duskm.* [*Aside.*] I flatter myself with the same suspicion.

*Sac.* [*Aside.*] My pain is intolerable; yet I cannot hastily disclose the occasion of it.

*Pri.* My sweet friend, Anusúyá, speaks rationally. Consider the violence of your indisposition. Every day you will be more and more emaciated, though your exquisite beauty has not yet forsaken you.

*Duskm.* [*Aside.*] Most true. Her forehead is parched; her neck droops; her waist is more slender than before; her shoulders languidly fall; her complexion is wan; she resembles a Madhavi creeper, whose leaves are dried by a sultry gale: yet even thus transformed, she is lovely, and charms by soul.

*Sac.* [*Sighing.*] What more can I say? Ah! why should I be the occasion of your sorrow?

*Pri.* For that very reason, my beloved, we are solicitous to know your secret; since, when each of us has a share of your uneasiness, you will bear more easily your own portion of it.

*Duskm.* [*Aside.*] Thus urged by two friends, who share her pains as well as her pleasures, she cannot fail to disclose the hidden cause of her malady; whilst I, on whom she looked at our first interview with marked affection, am filled with anxious desire to hear her answer.

*Sac.* From the very instant when the accomplished prince, who has just given repose to our hallowed forest, met my eye—

[*She breaks off, and looks modest.*]

*Both.* Speak on, beloved Sacontala.

*Sac.* From that instant my affection was unalterably fixed on him—and thence I am reduced to my present languor.

*Anu.* Fortunately your affection is placed on a man worthy of yourself.

*Pri.* Oh! could a fine river have deserted the sea and flowed into a lake?

*Duskm.* [*Joyfully.*] That which I was eager to know, her own lips have told. Love was the cause of my distemper, and love has healed it; as a summer's day, grown black with clouds, relieves all animals from the heat which itself had caused.

*Sac.* If it be no disagreeable task,



contrive, I entreat you, some means be which I may find favour in the king's eyes.

*Duskm.* [*Aside.*] That request banishes all my cares, and gives me rapture even in my present uneasy situation.

*Pri.* [*Aside to Anusuya.*] A remedy for her, my friend, will scarce be attainable. Exert all the powers of your mind; for her illness admits of no delay.

*Anu.* [*Aside to Priyamvada.*] By what expedient can her cure be both accelerated and kept secret?

*Pri.* [*As before.*] Oh! to keep it secret will be easy; but to attain it soon, almost insuperably difficult.

*Anu.* [*As before.*] How so?

*Pri.* The young king seemed, I admit, by his tender glances, to be enamoured of her at first sight; and he has been observed, within these few days, to be pale and thin, as if his passion had kept him long awake.

*Duskm.* [*Aside.*] So it has—This golden bracelet, sullied by the flame which preys on me, and which no dew mitigates, but the tears gushing nightly from these eyes, has fallen again and again on my wrist, and has been replaced on my emaciated arm.

*Pri.* [*Aloud.*] I have a thought, Anusuya—Let us write a love letter, which I will conceal in a flower, and, under the pretext of making a respectful offering, deliver it myself into the king's hand.

*Anu.* An excellent contrivance! It pleases me highly;—but what says our beloved Scontala?

*Sac.* I must consider, my friend, the possible consequences of such a step.

*Pri.* Think also of a verse or two, which may suit your passion, and be consistent with the character of a lovely girl born in an exalted family.

*Sac.* I will think of them in due time; but my heart flutters with the apprehension of being rejected.

*Duskm.* [*Aside.*] Here stands the man supremely blessed in thy presence, from whom, O timid girl, thou art apprehensive of a refusal! Here stands the man, from whom, O beautiful maid, thou fearest rejection, though he loves thee distractedly. He who shall possess thee will seek no brighter gem; and thou art the gem which I am eager to possess.

*Anu.* You depreciate, Scontala, your own incomparable merits. What man in his senses would intercept with an umbrella the moonlight of autumn, which alone can allay the fever caused by the heat of the noon?

*Sac.* [*Smiling.*] I am engaged in thought. [*She meditates.*]

*Duskm.* Thus then I fix my eyes on the lovely poetess, without closing them a moment, while she measures the feet of her verse: her forehead is gracefully moved in cadence, and her whole aspect indicates pure affection.

*Sac.* I have thought of a couplet; but we have no writing implements.

*Pri.* Let us hear the words; and then I will mark them with my nail on this lotos leaf, soft and green as the breast of a young parroquet: it may easily be cut into the form of a letter.—Repeat the verses.

*Sac.* "Thy heart, indeed, I know not: but mine, oh! cruel, love warms by day and by night; and all my faculties are centered on thee."

*Duskm.* [*Hastily advancing, and pronouncing a verse in the same measure.*] "Thee, O slender maid, love only warms; but me he burns; as the day-star only stifles the fragrance of the night-flower, but quenches the very orb of the moon."

*Anu.* [*Looking at him joyfully.*] Welcome, great king: the fruit of my friend's imagination has ripened without delay.

[Scontala expresses an inclination to rise.]

*Duskm.* Give yourself no pain. Those delicate limbs, which repose on a couch of flowers, those arms, whose bracelets of lotos are disarranged by a slight pressure, and that sweet frame, which the hot noon seems to have disordered, must not be fatigued by ceremony.

*Sac.* [*Aside.*] O my heart, canst thou not rest at length after all thy sufferings?

*Anu.* Let our sovereign take for his seat a part of the rock on which she reposes. [*Scontala makes a little room.*]

*Duskm.* [*Seating himself.*] Priyamvada, is not the fever of your charming friend in some degree abated?

*Pri.* [*Smiling.*] She has just taken a salutary medicine, and will soon be restored to health. But O mighty prince, as I am favoured by you and by her, my friendship for Scontala prompts



me to converse with you for a few moments.

*Duskm.* Excellent damsel, speak openly; and suppress nothing.

*Pri.* Our lord shall hear.

*Duskm.* I am attentive.

*Pri.* By dispelling the alarms of our pious hermits, you have discharged the duty of a great monarch.

*Dusk.* O! talk a little on other subjects.

*Pri.* Then I must inform you that our beloved companion is enamoured of you, and has been reduced to her present languor by the resistless divinity, love. You only can preserve her inestimable life.

*Duskm.* Sweet Priyamvada, our passion is reciprocal; but it is I who am honoured.

*Sac.* [*Smiling, with a mixture of affection and resentment.*] Why should you detain the virtuous monarch, who must be afflicted by so long an absence from the secret apartments of his palace?

*Duskm.* This heart of mine, oh thou who art of all things the dearest to it, will have no object but thee, whose eyes enchant me with their black splendour, if thou wilt but speak in a milder strain. I, who was nearly slain by love's arrow, am destroyed by thy speech.

*Anu.* [*Laughing.*] Princes are said to have many favourite consorts. You must assure us, therefore, that our beloved friend shall not be exposed to affliction through our conduct.

*Duskm.* What need is there of many words? Let there be ever so many women in my palace, I will have only two objects of perfect regard; the sea-girt earth, which I govern, and your sweet friend, whom I love.

*Both.* Our anxiety is dissipated.  
[*Sacotala strives in vain to conceal her joy.*]

*Pri.* [*Aside to Anusuya.*] See how our friend recovers her spirits by little and little, as the peahen, oppressed by the summer heat, is refreshed by a soft gale and a gentle shower.

*Sac.* [*To the damsels.*] Forgive, I pray, my offence in having used unmeaning words: they were uttered only for your amusement in return for your tender care of me.

*Pri.* They were the occasion, indeed, of our serious advice. But it is the king who must forgive: who else is offended?

*Sac.* The great monarch will, I trust, excuse what has been said either before him or in his absence.—[*Aside to the damsels.*] Intercede with him, I intreat you.

*Duskm.* [*Smiling.*] I would cheerfully forgive any offence, lovely Sacotala, if you, who have dominion over my heart, would allow me full room to sit by you, and recover from my fatigue, on this flowery couch pressed by your delicate limbs.

*Pri.* Allow him room; it will appease him, and make him happy.

*Sac.* [*Pretending anger, aside to Priyamvada.*] Be quiet, thou mischief-making girl! Dost thou sport with me in my present weak state?

*Anu.* [*Looking behind the scenes.*] O! my Priyamvada, there is our favourite young antelope running wildly and turning his eyes on all sides: he is, no doubt, seeking his mother, who has rambled in the wide forest. I must go and assist his search.

*Pri.* He is very nimble; and you alone will never be able to confine him in one place. I must accompany you.

[*Both going out.*]

*Sac.* Alas, I cannot consent to your going far: I shall be left alone.

*Both.* (*Smiling.*) Alone! with the sovereign of the world by your side!

[*They go out.*]

*Sac.* How could my companions both leave me?

*Duskm.* Sweet maid, give yourself no concern. Am not I, who humbly solicit your favour, present in the room of them?—(*Aside.*)—I must declare my passion.—(*Aloud.*)—Why should not I, like them, wave this fan of lotus leaves, to raise cool breezes and dissipate your uneasiness? Why should not I, like them, lay softy in my lap those feet, red as water lilies, and press them, O my charmer, to relieve your pain?

*Sac.* I should offend against myself, by receiving homage from a person entitled to respect. (*She rises, and walks slowly through weakness.*)

*Duskm.* The noon, my love, is not yet passed; and your sweet limbs are weak. Having left that couch where fresh flowers covered your bosom, you can ill sustain this intense heat with so languid a frame. (*He gently draws her back.*)



*Sac.* Leave me, oh leave me. I am not, indeed, my own mistress, or—the two damsels were only appointed to attend me. What can I do at present?

*Dusbm. (Aside.)* Fear of displeasing her makes me bashful.

*Sac. (Overbearing him.)* The king cannot give offence. It is my unhappy fate only that I accuse.

*Dusbm.* Why should you accuse so favourable a destiny?

*Sac.* How rather can I help blaming it, since it has permitted my heart to be affected by amiable qualities, without having left me at my own disposal.

*Dusbm. (Aside.)* One would imagine that the charming sex, instead of being, like us, tormented with love, kept love himself within their hearts, to torment him with delay. *(Sacontala going out.)*

*Dusbm. (Aside.)* How! must I then fail of attaining felicity? *(Following her and catching the skirt of her mantle.)*

*Sac. (Turning back.)* Son of Puru, preserve thy reason: oh! preserve it.—The hermits are busy on all sides of the grove.

*Dusbm.* My charmer, your fear of them is vain. Canna himself who is deeply versed in the science of law, will be no obstacle to our union. Many daughters of the holiest men have been married by the ceremony called Gándharva, as it is practised by Indra's band, and even their fathers have approved them.—*(Looking round.)*—What say you? are you still inflexible? Alas! I must then depart. *(Going from her a few paces, then looking back.)*

*Sac. (Moving also a few steps, and then turning back her face.)* Though I have refused compliance, and have only allowed you to converse with me for a moment, yet, O son of Puru——let not Sacontala be wholly forgotten.

*Dusbm.* Enchanting girl, should you be removed to the ends of the world, you will be fixed in this heart, as the shade of a lofty tree remains with it even when the day is departed.

*Sac. (Going out, aside.)* Since I have heard his protestations, my feet move, indeed, but without advancing. I will conceal myself behind those flowering Curuvacas, and thence I shall see the result of his passion.

*(She hides herself behind the shrubs.)*

*Dusbm. (Aside.)* Can you leave me, beloved Sacontalá; me who am all affection? Could you not have tarried a single moment? Soft is your beautiful frame, and indicates a benevolent soul; yet your heart is obdurate: as the tender Sirísha hangs on a hard stalk.

*Sac. (Aside.)* I really have now lost the power of departing.

*Dusbm. (Aside.)* What can I do in this retreat since my darling has left it?—*(Musing and looking round.)*—Ah! my departure is happily delayed.—Here lies her bracelet of flowers, exquisitely perfumed by the root of Usíra which had been spread on her bosom: it has fallen from her delicate wrist, and is become a new chain for my heart.

*(Taking up the bracelet with reverence.)*

*Sac. (Aside, looking at her hand.)* Ah me! such was my languor, that the filaments of lotos stalks which bound my arm dropped on the ground unperceived by me.

*Dusbm. (Aside, placing it in his bosom.)* Oh! How delightful to the touch!—From this ornament of your lovely arm, Oh my darling, though it be inanimate and senseless, your unhappy lover has regained confidence—a bliss which you refused to confer.

*Sac. (Aside.)* I can stay here no longer. By this pretext I may return.

*(Going slowly towards him.)*

*Dusbm. (With rapture.)* Ah! the embrace of my soul again blesses these eyes. After all my misery I was destined to be favoured by indulgent heaven.—The bird Châtaç, whose throat was parched with thirst, supplicated for a drop of water, and suddenly a cool stream poured into his bill from the bounty of a fresh cloud.

*Sac.* Mighty king, when I had gone half way to the cottage, I perceived that my bracelet of thin stalks had fallen from my wrist; and I return because my heart is almost convinced that you must have seen and taken it. Restore it, I humbly entreat, lest you expose both yourself and me to the censure of the hermits.

*Dusbm.* Yes, on one condition I will return it.

*Sac.* On what condition? Speak.—

*Dusbm.* That I may replace it on the wrist to which it belongs.

*Sac. (Aside.)* I have no alternative.



*Duskm.* But in order to replace it, we must both be seated on that smooth rock.

*(Both sit down.)*

*Duskm.* *(Taking her hand.)* O exquisite softness! This hand has regained its native strength and beauty, like a young shoot of Camálata: or it resembles rather the god of love himself, when, having been consumed by the fire of Hara's wrath, he was restored to life by a shower of nectar sprinkled by the immortals.

*Sac.* *(Pressing his hand.)* Let the son of my lord make haste to tie on the bracelet.

*Duskm.* *(Aside with rapture.)* Now I am truly blessed.—That phrase, the son of my lord, is applied only to a husband.—*(Aloud.)*—My charmer, the clasp of this bracelet is not easily loosened: it must be made to fit you better.

*Sac.* *(Smiling.)* As you please.

*Duskm.* *(Quitting her hand.)* Look, my darling: this is the new moon, which left the firmament in honour of superior beauty, and, having descended on your enchanting wrist, has joined both its horns round it in the shape of a bracelet.

*Sac.* I really see nothing like a moon: the breeze, I suppose, has shaken some dust from the lotos flower behind my ears, and that has obscured my sight.

*Duskm.* *(Smiling.)* If you permit me, I will blow the fragrant dust from your eye.

*Sac.* It would be a kindness; but I cannot trust you.

*Duskm.* Oh! fear not, fear not. A new servant never transgresses the command of his mistress.

*Sac.* But a servant over-assiduous deserves no confidence.

*Duskm.* *(Aside.)* I will not let slip this charming occasion.—*(Attempting to raise her head—Sacotalá faintly repels him, but sits still.)*—O damsel with an antelope's eyes, be not apprehensive of my indiscretion.—*(Sacotalá looks up for a moment, and then basely drops her head.)*—*Duskmanta, aside, gently raising her head.)*—That lip, the softness of which is imagined, not proved, seems to pronounce, with a delightful tremour, its permission for me to allay my thirst.

*Sac.* The son of my lord seems inclined to break his promise.

*Duskm.* Beloved, I was deceived by the proximity of the lotos to that eye which equals it in brightness.

*(He blows gently on her eye.)*

*Sac.* Well; now I see a prince who keeps his word as it becomes his imperial character. Yet I am really ashamed that no desert of mine entitles me to the kind service of my lord's son.

*Duskm.* What reward can I desire, except that which I consider as the greatest, the fragrance of your delicious lip?

*Sac.* Will that content you?

*Duskm.* The bee is contented with the mere odour of the water lily.

*Sac.* If he were not, he would get no remedy.

*Duskm.* Yes, this and this—

*(Kissing her eagerly.)*

*Behind the scenes.* Hark! the Chacra-váca is calling her mate on the bank of the Málini: the night is beginning to spread her shades.

*Sac.* *(Listening alarmed.)* O son of my lord, the matron Gautamí approaches to inquire after my health. Hide yourself, I entreat, behind yon trees.

*Duskm.* I yield to necessity.

*(He retires.)*

*Gautamí enters with a vase in her hand.*

*Gaut.* *(Looking anxiously at Sacotalá.)* My child, here is holy water for thee.—What hast thou no companion here but the invisible gods; thou who art so much indisposed?

*Sac.* Both Priyamvadá and Anusúyá are just gone down to the river.

*Gaut.* *(Sprinkling her.)* Is thy fever, my child, a little abated?

*(Feeling her hand.)*

*Sac.* Venerable matron, there is a change for the better.

*Gaut.* Then thou art in no danger. Mayst thou live many years! The day is departing: let us both go to the cottage.

*Sac.* *(Aside, rising slowly.)* O my heart, no sooner hadst thou begun to taste happiness, than the occasion slipped away!—*(She advances a few steps, and returns to the arbour.)*—O bower of twining plants, by whom my sorrows have been dispelled, on thee I call; ardently hoping to be once more happy under thy shade. *(She goes out with Gautamí.)*



*Duskm.* (*Returning to the bower, and sighing.*) How, alas, have my desires been obstructed!—Could I do less than kiss the lips of my charmer, though her modest cheeks were half averted; lips, whose sweetness had enchanted me, even when they pronounced a denial?—Whither now can I go?—I will remain a while in this arbour of creepers, which my darling's presence has illuminated.—(*Looking round.*)—Yes; this is her seat on the rock, spread with blossoms, which have been pressed by her delicate limbs.—Here lies her exquisite love letter on the leaf of a water lily; here lay her bracelet of tender filaments, which had fallen from her sweet wrist.—Though the bower of twining Vétasas be now desolate, since my charmer has left it, yet, while my eyes are fixed on all these delightful memorials of her, I am unable to de-

part.—(*Musing.*)—Ah! how imperfectly has this affair been conducted by a lover, like me, who, with his darling by his side, has let the occasion slip.—Should Sacotalá visit once more this calm retreat, the opportunity shall not pass again unimproved: the pleasures of youth are by nature transitory.—Thus my foolish heart forms resolutions, while it is distracted by the sudden interruption of its happiness. Why did it ever allow me to quit without effect the presence of my beloved?

*Behind the scenes.* O king, while we are beginning our evening sacrifice, the figures of blood-thirsty demons, embrowned by clouds collected at the departure of day, glide over the sacred hearth, and spread consternation around.

*Duskm.* Fear not, holy men.—Your king will protect you. (*He goes out.*)

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## POETRY.

### ORIGINAL.

#### SEDUCTION....A POEM.

*Continued from p. 417.*

SWEET were the hours, oh, passing  
sweet the days,  
When simple childhood fram'd its little plays;  
Fair was each scene, as opening morning fair,  
Pure as her breath, and lucent as her hair;  
Light was each heart, as schoolboy's bubble light,  
To touch as tender, and as clear to sight!  
Fool that I was to grasp at higher joys,  
And quit my playthings for these emptier toys!  
Oh, lost to truth, to innocence, to ease,  
Repose to fancy 'midst these tumbling seas!

Here must I pause, nor farther press  
the tale,  
And o'er her wanderings drop a friendly veil.

Who deeply feels, in nice description  
fails,  
And breathes his sorrows to the heedless  
gales.

The poet writes from rules of cautious art,  
And feeling feigns to catch the reader's heart.

But I, alas, can feign no feeling here;  
And all my art is Pity's simple tear.  
And yet, 'twere ill the story thus to close,

Though friendship bids her ruin'd name repose;

For haply here, by friendlier planet blest'd,

Some artless Fair, alike by Vice caress'd,  
In happy hour her mournful fate shall learn,

And through the visor smooth the villain's face discern.

Then briefly know what friendship  
fain would hide,

Nor spurn the wretch, though frowning  
prudes deride.

A time she shone in glare of guilty  
state,

A splendid offering to the pamper'd  
Great;



An idle toy to court curst Fashion's  
smile,  
And tell the town a Lordling whored  
in style.  
With feign'd endearments, and with  
mimick fire,  
To rouse a drivelling lecher's coarse  
desire;  
With nauseous dalliance fill his vacant  
hour,  
And hang dependent on a hated power;  
In sorry smiles to dress an aching heart,  
And basely truckle in the wanton's  
art;  
To drudge through life a mere conven-  
ient tool,  
And huckster sin to serve a loathsome  
fool;  
This was her fordid task! her wondrous  
gain  
For yielded virtue and for trusted fame!  
Oft tow'rs her home she turn'd a wist-  
ful eye,  
And oft in silence heav'd a stolen sigh:  
But past those simple scenes of former  
days,  
The morn's fresh task, the evening's  
sweeter plays;  
Mute too the pipe she lov'd so well to  
hear,  
When thought was peace, and all her  
breast was clear:  
Naught now was her's but noise and  
empty show,  
The smooth profession and the secret  
foe,  
The tedious pomp, that cumpers awk-  
ward state,  
The midnight revel and the noisy fête;  
But what where these, with all their  
boast to please,  
To one calm hour beneath her village  
trees?  
Yet e'en this semblance of fictitious joy,  
These current mock'ries, stamp'd in base  
alloy,  
Not long indur'd the owner's homely  
wear,  
But gave their tinsel to the passing air.  
For smiling Heaven, that lent a tran-  
sient ray  
To warm this blossom of a short-liv'd  
day,  
In sudden storm withdrew its sacred  
light,  
And wrapt the region in portending  
night:

In cold neglect awhile it droop'd its  
head,  
And o'er the ground the chilly raindrop  
shed,  
Till fading fast, and 'rest of every sweet,  
It rudely perish'd 'neath the traveller's  
feet.

Does not thy breast with indignation  
swell,  
To hurl this Scoundrel to his native  
hell,  
Where kindred Fiends in penal flames  
reside,  
Where wo's eternal, and where death's  
deny'd?  
Or has vile custom fear'd thy fordid  
soul  
And bow'd all manhood to its curst  
control,  
That unprovok'd thou hear'st the ribald  
boast  
Of maiden conquests in his nightly  
toast?  
To rouse thy rage, to make the selfish  
feel,  
Let me more closely to thy heart appeal:  
Think on a sister, robb'd of dearest  
fame,  
Behold thy name disgraced—and then  
be tame!  
On even tide my equal passions move,  
Nor lack I aught the milk of human  
love;  
Yet, injured thus, by Heaven's eternal  
fires!  
To wide revenge I'd yield all fond  
desires,  
From pole to pole I'd hunt the hollow  
knave,  
And ponder vengeance in the gloomy  
grave.

In corner vile, where Want and An-  
guish find  
A wretched shelter from the wintry  
wind,  
At gloomy eve, when nipping frost de-  
scends,  
And no one near the houseless wretch  
befriends,  
Methinks I view, in wavy tatters hung,  
With sorrow, sickness, and repentance  
stung,  
A lean and loathsome band—Seduc-  
tion's spoil.  
All 'rest of hope, and doom'd in sin to  
toil!



How wan their looks ! how roll their  
 rayless eyes !  
 Yet harden'd man their scanty prayer  
 denies ;  
 Man, that has led their sliding hearts  
 astray,  
 And meanly triumph'd o'er a helpless  
 prey.  
 Oh, pause awhile, if murderers dare  
 reflect,  
 The foulest, lowest, deadliest, of the sect ;  
 Murderers, that scorn in single death  
 to deal,  
 And gen'ral ruin in their progress seal.  
 Remember yet a righteous God presides,  
 And reddend vengeance in his court  
 abides ;  
 Think of the crimes that throng your  
 guilty souls,  
 And tremble, villains, when his thun-  
 der rolls.  
 Oh, for the power to launch the light-  
 ning's blaze,  
 And blast the remnant of their guilty  
 days,  
 In scattering winds to hurl their crum-  
 bled earth,  
 And hide the traces of their timeless  
 birth !  
 But I but rave and idly beat the air,  
 And impious aim the arm of Heaven to  
 bare.  
 " Vengeance is His," to Him the right  
 belongs,  
 And He alone shall judge their brutal  
 wrongs ;  
 On hell's dark scroll the crime supe-  
 rior stands,  
 While rival'd Furies clench their iron  
 hands.

If injur'd love, if want with all its  
 woes,  
 And all the pangs that guilty conscience  
 knows ;  
 If bitter tears, that fall from Sorrow's  
 eyes,  
 And keen Remorse, which e'en *that* boon  
 denies,  
 Can plead with Thee, who guid'st the  
 rolling spheres,  
 And mould'st Event in distant depth of  
 years ;  
 Oh, spare these children of misfor-  
 tune's school ;  
 Oh, veil thy judgments 'neath a Parent's  
 rule.

Sad is our journey through this thorny  
 way,  
 And drear the clouds that cross our lit-  
 tle day ;  
 Life's fairest web is wove with light and  
 shade,  
 And narrow joys in neighb'ring sorrows  
 fade.  
 But, oh, how hard to fathom deepest  
 ills,  
 And drain the cup that wayward For-  
 tune fills !  
 Bankrupts in fame, and bare to every  
 blast,  
 Wedded to wo, and worn with meagre  
 fast,  
 Outcasts from heaven, and long estrang'd  
 on earth,  
 Hopeless in life, and curs'd with timeless  
 birth ;  
 At death's dim hour when tyrant con-  
 science wakes,  
 And cruel Memory counts her poison'd  
 snakes,  
 Oh, hear their maniack prayer, in *mercy*  
 hear,  
 And o'er their wanderings drop a par-  
 doning tear ! OTTIE.

### ODE.

We are not usually very lavish of praise, but to the following little piece we are willing to give it almost without mixture and without measure. We have rarely seen poetry and piety in such interesting and delightful alliance. ED.

*The following ODE was written by a young Lady in the North of England, who for many years had been oppressed with a hopeless consumption.*

NOT to the rosy maid, whom former  
 hours  
 Beheld me fondly covet, tune I now  
 The melancholy lyre ; No more I seek  
 Thy aid, Hygeia ! fought so long in  
 vain,  
 But 'tis to thee, O Sickness ! 'tis to thee  
 I wake the silent strings ; accept the lay.  
 Thou art no tyrant waving the fierce  
 scourge  
 O'er unresisting victims—but a nymph  
 Of mild though mournful mien, upon  
 whose brow  
 Patience sits smiling, and whose heavy  
 eye,



Though moist with tears, is always fix'd  
on Heaven.

Thou wrapp'st the world in clouds, but  
thou canst tell

Of worlds where all is sunshine, and at  
length

When through this vale of sorrow thou  
hast led

Thy patient sufferers, cheering the while  
With many a smile of promise, thy pale  
hand

Unlocks the bowers of everlasting rest;  
Where Death's kind Angel waits to dry  
their tears

And crown them with his amaranthine  
flowers.

Yet I have known thee long, and I  
have felt

All that thou hast of sorrow—many a  
tear

Has fall'n on my cold cheek, and many  
a sigh,

Call'd forth by thee, has swell'd my  
aching breast;

Yet still I bless thee, O thou chastening  
pow'r!

For all I bless thee thou hast taught my  
soul,

To rest upon itself, to look beyond  
The narrow bounds of Time and fix its  
hopes

On the sure basis of eternity.—  
Meanwhile, even in this transitory scene  
Of what hast thou deprived me? Has  
thy hand

Clos'd up the book of knowledge; drawn  
a veil

O'er the fair face of Nature; or destroy'd  
The tender pleasures of domestick life?

Ah no! 'tis thine to call forth in the  
heart

Each better feeling; thou awakenest  
there

That unconfin'd Philanthropy which  
feels

For all the unhappy: that warm Sym-  
pathy

Which casting every selfish care aside,  
Finds its own bliss in seeing others blest:

That Melancholy,—tender yet sublime—  
Which feeling all the nothingness of

earth,  
Exalts the soul to heaven: and more  
than these

That pure Devotion, which, even in the  
hour

Of agonizing pain, can fill the eyes

With tears of extasy—such tears perhaps  
As Angels love to shed.—

These are thy gifts, O Sickness! these to  
me

Thou hast vouchsaf'd, and taught me  
how to prize.

Shall my soul shrink from aught thou  
hast ordained?

Shall I e'er envy the luxurious train  
Around whose path Prosperity has  
strew'd

Her gilded toys? Ah, let them still pur-  
sue

The shining trifles; never shall they  
know

Such pure and holy pleasures as await,  
The heart refin'd by sufferings.—Not to  
them

Does Fancy sing her wild romantick  
song,

'Tis not for them her glowing hand un-  
draws

The sacred veil, that hides the angelick  
world.

They hear not in the musick of the  
wind

Celestial voices, that, in whispers sweet,  
Call to the flowers—the young and bash-  
ful flowers!

They see not at the shadowy hour of  
eve,

Descending spirits, who on silver wings,  
Glide thro' the air, and to their harps  
divine

Sing in soft notes the vesper hymn of  
praise:

Or pausing for a moment as they turn  
Their radiant eyes on this polluted

scene,  
Drop on their golden harps a pitying  
tear.

Prosperity, I court thy gifts no more,  
Nor thine, O fair Hygeia! Yet to thee  
I breathe one fervent prayer; attend  
the strain,

If for my faded brow thy hand prepare  
Some future wreath, let me the gift re-  
sign.

Transfer the rosy garland; bid it bloom  
Around the temples of that friend be-  
lov'd,

On whose maternal bosom even now  
I lay my aching head! and as I mark  
The smile that plays upon her speaking  
face,

Forget that ever I have shed a tear.



# THE BOSTON REVIEW,

FOR SEPTEMBER, 1805.

Librum tuum legi & quam diligentissime potui annotavi, quæ commutanda, quæ eximenda, arbitrarer. Nam ego dicere verum assuevi. Neque ulli patientius reprehenduntur, quam qui maxime laudari merentur.—Pliny.

## ARTICLE 60.

*Collections of the Massachusetts Historical Society, for the year 1794. Vol. 4. Printed by S. Hall, Boston. 1795.*

THE Historical Society of Massachusetts deserves every praise and every encouragement. It is honourably fulfilling the design of its founders, and realizing the expectations of its friends. As the principal object is the elucidation of the antiquities and history of America, without disregarding collateral topicks of inferior consideration, we can assure the publick that these intentions have been partly accomplished with no ordinary success during the vigorous youth of the Society, and will certainly be completed in the bursting and bony manhood of its existence. The nine volumes of Collections already published give evidence of this honest applause. We do not indeed find, and perhaps we have no right to expect, the elegant disquisitions of French antiquarians nor the laborious archæology of German academicians ; but the philosopher is always compensated by the discovery of facts, by naked truth, by real existence, by essential evidence, and these were the substantial nutriment, by which alone the mighty minds of Bacon, Newton, Euler, and the

Bernouillis obtained their blooming expansion and gigantick hardihood.

The volume opens with the act of incorporation, the laws and regulations of the Society, and circular letter of the late learned Belknap on its objects and wishes. An Appendix follows of ten numbers on the articles, on which the Society want information ; pamphlets and tracts wanted ; directions for preserving animals ; Dr. Cutler's method of preserving the skins of birds ; method of preserving animals, collected by Mr. Peck from various authors ; method of preserving birds and other animals, from the Philosophical transactions ; method of collecting and preserving vegetables, by Dr. Lettsom ; Mr. Peck's method of taking impressions of vegetable leaves, by means of smoke ; method of preserving marine productions, by Dr. Lettsom ; directions for the collecting of mineral and fossil substances, by the same. The whole of this appendix is useful and ingenious, and is very properly published for general circulation in this work, for by it we best know what communications are most wanted ; and the botanist, the huntsman, and mariner are instructed how to preserve delicate foliage, the truth of nature, and all the varieties of ex-



ternal and internal appearance. Surely that knowledge is worth knowing, that teaches how to perpetuate the microscopick, rainbow radiance of the humming-bird, and which tends to illuminate the ancient and thick darkness of the mysterious mammoth.

After the appendix the series of communications begins with

A topographical description of Hopkinton, by Dr. Stimpson, which is useful to the geographer.

Topographical description of Thomaston. Lime is the staple of this town, and as such is here described in general terms for general utility.

The Proceedings of two conventions, held at Portland, to consider the expediency of a separate government in the District of Maine. This paper is very useful and very authentick. The beginnings of revolutions in small states lead sometimes to important consequences, and always throw light on their subsequent periods of history.

Observations on Wellfleet and Cape Cod Harbour, by Levi Whitman, with a bill of mortality for Wellfleet.

Account of an uncommon frost, May 17, 1794, by Rev. Nathaniel Thayer, of Lancaster. This was indeed a severe frost, and though it happened in the mild month of May, it reminded us of Dr. Johnson's winter, when the greatest luxuries are an arm chair, a blazing fire, and a smoking dinner.

Description of Marlborough, by Rev. Asa Packard.

Account of the Western Indians, by Rev. Gideon Hawley. This is in the form of a journal and is curious, minute, simple, and honest.

Answer to Queries respecting the Western Indians, by Rev. J. T. Kirkland. This is an elegant dissertation, and would not disgrace the memoirs of the Academy of Belles Lettres and Inscriptions. We present two extracts, and are sorry that we cannot diffuse the radiance of the whole.

The state of industry among them is wretched. They seem to have an insurmountable aversion to labour; and though they discover some energy in the chase, wholly want it in husbandry and the arts of life. With respect to the Oneidas, their habitations consist of three or four framed and boarded houses, built principally by whites, a large number of unhewn, and a few hewn log houses, built by themselves, and a few wigwams, entirely constructed with bark. A few cribs and benches, wooden bowls, spoons and baskets, of their own formation, with some necessary vessels for cooking, purchased of whites, generally constitute their furniture. They dress chiefly after the Indian manner; though several can make garments in the English fashion. In two or three instances they imperfectly adopt our husbandry, possess the most necessary farming utensils, and succeed in tillage. All the others in the nation get half or two thirds of their subsistence by raising corn, beans, and potatoes, having no implement but the hoe; and the other part by hunting and fishing. The labour of the tillage is chiefly performed by the women; though latterly the men afford them considerable assistance. In short, they live in laziness and poverty. Though their soil is easily cultivated, and highly productive; and, on account of the immigration to their vicinity, the price of productions of the earth is almost equal to that of the city of New-York; they often want the necessaries, and always the conveniences of living; and suffer greatly from hunger, nakedness, and hardship.

Reflecting Indians are very much distressed with their apprehensions respecting their destiny. They have faint hopes that civilization will be introduced; but they seriously fear that they



shall be obliged to remove from the neighbourhood of the whites; or that if they continue in their present situation, they shall be poor, despised, and dependent, gradually dwindling, till they become finally extinct. It is certain that as the whites advance towards Indians, the latter become vicious, intemperate, sickly, and dispirited, and, in general, diminish in numbers. I believe it is the opinion of those who best know and consider their history and present condition, that they are destined to utter extermination.

Letter from Dr. William Clarke to Benjamin Franklin, Esq.

Letter from Dr. William Clarke to an American gentleman in England. These letters concern provincial politicks in 1744, and 1748.

Letter to Dr. Kippis relative to an error in his life of Captain Cook, with several testimonies in evidence, by Dr. Belknap. Kippis had charged the American Congress with having given orders to American cruisers to seize Capt. Cook, on his return from his voyages of discovery; and in this ample communication the charge is successfully repelled by unquestionable authorities. Dr. Belknap was an honour to America. His literary acquisitions were of no vulgar value. He is generally thought to have been laborious, rather than quick; to have had little of the "*ponderibus verborum*," and less of the "*acrimini ingenii*;" but his "Forsters," though formed on Swift's "John Bull," has humour and interest, which the model does not excite; and who will dare to continue the American Biography?

Letter from Dr. William Clarke to Benjamin Franklin, Esq.

Topographical description of Exeter, by Dr. Samuel Tenney. Here is valuable information; but why such an ambition of fine writing, on such a subject?

Observations on the Indians in the southern parts of the United States, by Dr. Ramsay. The Indians decrease every where, from known and unknown causes, not only in population, but in virtue, bravery, and renown. In a century they will probably be extinct on this side of the Mississippi.

Observations and conjectures on the antiquities of America, by Rev. Jacob Bailey. This paper is intended to prove, that in North America there must have existed many centuries ago nations powerful, extensive, and populous, who had made improvements in various branches of useful knowledge. This may be true, but certainly Mr. Bailey only plays about the question, and does not vigorously grapple.

Remarks on Mr. Bailey's letter, by Rev. J. T. Kirkland.

An account of the Church of Christ in Plymouth from its establishment to the present day, by John Cotton, Esq. written in 1760. The American student of divinity and the writer of American history should study this long communication.

General Lincoln's observations on the Eastern counties in the district of Maine. The counties of Cumberland and Lincoln, from a variety of causes, are equally, if not more healthy, than any part of the United States, and probably in this respect are not exceeded by any climate whatever. General Lincoln remarks the ex-



cellence of rockweed as a manure, and we shall extract the process of making a valuable salt from that marine vegetable substance, which is used in the manufacture of glass.

But this is not all the advantage that may be derived from it; a salt is produced with great ease, which is an article of export, being much used in all the glass manufactories. It is made with little expense, nothing more being necessary than cutting the weed from the rocks, carrying it upon the shores, and spreading it until it shall be partly dry. A pit is then to be formed, proportionate to the quantity you shall have to burn, lined with clay; a fire built in the bottom of it, made with light wood, and the weed put on. When it begins to burn, you may keep feeding the fire with weed, until your pit shall be full of the kelp ashes, or you have exhausted your stock of weed. When you have done burning the salt, which will be run into a body a little like potashes, it is to be cut out of the pit and put into casks; when so done it is fit for the market. From this salt, by a very simple process, two other articles of exports may be drawn, the marine alkaline salts and the Epfom salts. For the former there are great demands in Europe, and are generally, if not universally, obtained from Spain called in that country *Barilla*, which, though obtained from another marine plant, is of the same nature.

The observations on the climate we also insert with pleasure, and recommend the whole dissertation to every reader, and particularly to the emigrant and trader.

Some have affected to consider these lands as cold, barren, and unpleasant. The old part of the Massachusetts was so considered by some, in the early days of its settlement, and representations much to its disadvantage, were transmitted across the Atlantick; those misrepresentations had their ill effects, at

that time, as false representations have at this day. It is true, that the eastern part of the state is a little farther north than Boston; but all agree, who have experienced both, that the fall of the year in the new counties, is equally pleasant as the fall in the old part of the state. Winter hardly ever sets in until Christmas; and when it commences, there is such an uniformity in the weather, that it is rendered more agreeable, and less injurious, than it is when it is more open and changeable. The snow seldom or ever falls so deep, as to prevent the people from doing business with their teams, in the woods, all the winter. It is said, vegetation is not so forward there, in the spring, as it is in the old counties: It may be so at the beginning of May; but before the end of it, from what I saw the three seasons I was in those new counties, there is very little, if any difference, to be discovered; for the progress of vegetation is much more rapid in northern than in southern climates. I believe that there has not been any year, when, upon the cleared lands, there has not been a full supply of grass, for the cattle, by the twentieth of May. As soon as the lands shall become fully opened, there will not, in my opinion, be any considerable difference between the length of the winters, in the counties of Cumberland and Lincoln, and those in the counties of Hampshire and Worcester.

General Lincoln's letter on the state of religion in the Eastern counties of the district of Maine.

Two letters from Charles Thompson, Esq. relative to the affair of Cook, Kippis, and Congress, mentioned before.

Dr. Bentley's letter on some French opinions, respecting the United States. As anonymous Frenchmen slandered the United States they did not deserve a reply.

Inquiry into the right of the Aboriginal Natives to the Land in America and the titles derived from them, by Rev. John Bulk-



ley. After a long moral and political disquisition he justly concludes, that the aborigines had a right only to the land, which they had subdued and improved ; and that the first discoverers had an undoubted right to enter upon and appropriate all waste and unimproved lands without any consideration.

Sketch of a history of Guilford in Connecticut, by Rev. Thomas Ruggles.

Belknap's letter to Hon. Judge Minot on Fire-Engines, Fires, and Buildings in Boston.

Judge Tucker's Queries concerning slavery and emancipation of negroes in Massachusetts, and Dr. Belknap's answers. The questions are judicious and the answers are satisfactory.

References to the topographical and historical description of Boston in Vol. 3. of the Collections, &c.

Account of the Burials and Baptisms in Boston from 1771 to 1774.

Copy of a curious paper concerning the inhabitants of this government.

Letter to Mr. Provost Dunster.

Account of the first Century Lecture at Salem.

Answers of the General Court of Connecticut to certain Queries of the Lords of the Committee of Colonies. The lords inquired of the form of government, trade, military forcees, &c. &c. in 1680, and the answers are official. It is curious to observe the effect of time, commerce, population, &c. on the price of labour, for in 1680 labour was dear at 2s. or 2s. 6. pr. day. Beef was then 2d  $\frac{1}{2}$ . and butter 6d. At present, pro-

visions and labour do not materially differ in price between Connecticut and Massachusetts.

Account of the earthquake in Port Royal, Jamaica, in 1692.

It is a sad sight to see all this harbour, one of the fairest and goodliest I ever saw, covered with the dead bodies of people of all conditions, floating up and down without burial : For our great and famous burial-place, called the palisadoes, was destroyed by the earthquake ; which dashing to pieces the tombs, whereof there were hundreds in that place, the sea washed the carcasses of those, who had been buried, out of their graves. Multitudes of rich men are utterly ruined, while many, who were poor, by watching opportunities, and searching the wrecked and sunk houses, (even almost whilst the earthquake lasted, and terrour was upon all the considerable people) have gotten great riches.

We have had accounts from several parts of these islands, of the mischiefs done by the earthquake. From St. Anns we hear of above 1000 acres of woodland changed into the sea, and carrying with it whole plantations. But no place suffered like Port-Royal ; where whole streets (with the inhabitants) were swallowed up by the opening earth, which then shutting upon them, squeezed the people to death. And in that manner several are left buried with their heads above ground ; only some heads the dogs have eaten : others are covered with dust and earth, by the people who yet remain in the place, to avoid the stench.

Account of some effects of the great earthquake in 1755 at Holden, by Rev. John Mellen.

Topographical description of New Bedford.

Discovery and description of the Marquesas and other islands in the South Pacific Ocean.

Observations on the Islands of Juan Fernandes, Massafuero, &c. by Mr. Bernard Magee.



Captain Magee's discovery of a group of islands in the North Pacific Ocean.

After groping in the three last communications among bearings and distances, and latitudes and headlands, and W. N. W. and S.  $\frac{1}{2}$ . E. till we had boxed the compass, and got beyond "Aurora and the Ganges," we are called to the pleasant land of poetry in

A brief account of the agency of the Hon. John Winthrop, Esq. in the Court of King Charles 2d, 1662, when he obtained the Charter for Connecticut; by Roger Wolcott, Esq. The author represents the King in Council, who being informed "an agent from Connecticut doth wait" desires Winthrop to be introduced, and after raising him up, he asks to be informed

By whom it was your place did first  
commence,  
Your patriarchs that led your tribes  
from hence.

Winthrop accordingly gives his majesty the reasons of departure, an account of the voyage, the nature of the country, the Indians, their own settlement, wars, and civil history, and finally asks for a charter and regular liberties, which the king accordingly grants. In this poem are some grains of wheat among bushels of chaff; but for American poetry, between the beginning and middle of the eighteenth century, and having a Governour for its author, it is really not contemptible. The following extracts are quaint and curious.

The waters fresh and sweet; and he  
that swims  
In it, recruits and cures his surfeit limbs,

The fisherman the fry with pleasure  
gets,  
With seines, pots, angles, and his  
tramel-nets.  
In it swim salmon, sturgeon, carp and  
eels;  
Above, fly cranes, geese, ducks, herons  
and teals;  
And swans, which take such pleasure  
as they fly,  
They sing their hymns oft long before  
they die.

\* \* \* \* \*

Within the covert of these shady bows  
The loving turtle and his lovely spouse,  
From bough to bough in deep affection  
move,  
And with chaste joy reciprocate their  
love.  
At the cool brooks, the beavers and  
the minks  
Keep house, and here the hart and  
panther drinks.  
And partridges here keep in memory,  
How to their loss they soared once too  
high.

Within these spacious forests, fresh  
and green,  
No monsters of burnt Africk may be  
seen.  
No hissing basilisk stands to affright,  
Nor seps, nor hemorhus, with mortal  
bite;  
The lybian lion ne'er set footing here,  
Nor tigers of Numidia do appear.  
But here the moose his spreading ant-  
lers sways,  
And bears down stubborn standels with  
their sprays.  
These sport themselves within these  
woods, and here  
The fatted roe-buck and the fallow  
deer  
Yield venison as good as that which  
won  
The patriarchal benediction.

Addition to Capt. Magee's discovery of a group of islands is the next paper, and the volume closes with a note respecting burials in Boston from a private manuscript.

Thus we have concluded the review of the 4th Volume, which



as a whole is valuable and interesting. The subjects however are often of the nature of some physical substances ; they positively attract the antiquarian, and positively repel the polite scholar. They have a power, like that of electrick affinity in chymistry, remarkably congenial to curious researchers and lovers of detail. It is impossible to make a review of such subjects agreeable to him, who strolls in the woods with Cowper, or who loves with Johnson *fumum, opes, strepitumque Romæ* ; but necessity is above and beyond pleasure and wishes, and whatever may be our individual desires as to selection of publications for criticism and review, or for the pleasure of readers and loungers, it is our bounden duty, and therefore our highest delight, to investigate antiquities and examine monads, and molecules of doubt, conjecture, and detail.

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ART. 61.

*A selection of Pleadings in Civil Actions, subsequent to the Declaration, with occasional annotations on the Law of Pleading. By Joseph Story.*

—Si quid novisti rectius istis,  
Candidus imperti ; si, non, his utere mecum.  
HOR.

Salem, Macanulty. 8vo. pp.  
697. 1805.

BEFORE the revolution the common law, acts of parliament, and statutes enacted in the colonies, constituted the law of the land, and the decisions of the English courts were read here as authorities. When the colonies became independent states, they recognized the common law and such acts of parliament, as had

been adopted and practised upon in the colonies, as part of the legal system, by which they were to be governed, and the books which had been read as authorities, prior to that period, continued to enjoy their legal pre-eminence.

Decisions in the English courts since the revolution, are read in the courts of the several states, with one or two exceptions, but *not as authorities*. They are read to shew, what opinions the ablest lawyers in the world have entertained on such points, as may be in controversy among us. It must be acknowledged, that we derive the greatest assistance from these decisions. They command confidence. They elicit the highest praise. That forum will require a supernatural illumination, which can derive no light from the deep and clear intellect of Lord Mansfield, from the creative and systematick reasonings of Sir William Scott, and from the profound yet ready science of Lord Ellenborough.

However important the knowledge of the transactions of the English judiciary is to us, it is not sufficient in numerous instances to supply our wants. The nature of the English government differs so essentially from ours, and the proceedings under some statutes are so peculiarly our own, that works of American professors of law are necessarily much desired. There have been many highly important decisions in our own courts, which would doubtless be considered as deciding many cases which occur, but these decisions rest only *in memory*, and it is not surprising, that



the recollections, which different gentlemen may have of them, should be not a little contradictory. Not having any reports in the form of authorities, every case must be tried with all the labour of a new investigation. Different opinions on the same point are said sometimes to be given by gentlemen, equally respectable for professional science, and each may be able to appeal to a case, on which he grounds his opinion. The pressing want of law books of our own is every where felt, but, for the best of reasons, it has not been remedied in this state; nor will it be remedied, unless by the interference of government, while the profession offers nothing of honour or profit, except in a laborious and difficult practice. Few men of talents, engaged in the profession, find leisure to become authors, and when the practice ceases to be necessary to such men, they find many things more pleasant, than to make law books. It is therefore a subject of much congratulation, that the government have thought proper to establish the office of a reporter. From the well known erudition and talents of the gentleman appointed to perform the duties of that office, the profession and the publick may expect to possess a very valuable work.

Whatever may have been the real motives, or the success of Mr. Story in the works he has published, it seems no more than candid to presume he meant to be useful, and to relieve in some degree the necessities of the profession. Of Mr. Story's "Precedents of Declarations," the pro-

fession have formed an opinion. The publication of that *form book* has saved many an indolent student or careless practitioner from the intolerable evil of thinking, and from the labour of consulting the English entries. The compilation, which now claims our notice, partakes of the same character. It is however at least questionable, whether such books as Mr. Story makes are advantageous to the publick or to the profession. To gentlemen, whose industry and talents entitle them to confidence, these books are but *Primers*. To those, who are not entitled to confidence, they are mischievously useful. They afford to professional men but a very superficial knowledge, and tend to make them copyists instead of students. But the greatest injury these books do to society is the enabling some men to get a living in the character of lawyers, whose knowledge and whose moral delicacy are far removed from being subjects of commendation.

This book contains "a series of forms of pleading, subsequent to the declaration, with annotations on the pleas, and occasional dissertations." The pleadings are on the following heads, viz. abatement, account, assumpsit, covenant, debt, real actions, bills in equity, replevin, slander, scire facias, trespass, and waste. The forms appear to be transcribed from the files of our courts, or from English books, with such alterations as Mr. S. thinks to be pertinent to our practice. He informs us, that most of the pleas, drawn by living characters, were inspected by them previous to publication. These



forms are therefore doubtless entitled to confidence. The transcriptions from English books must also be entitled to confidence; they are forms which have been in use for centuries. As to Mr. Story's alterations or amendments, it will be pardonable to doubt of their correctness, until they shall have been tested by trial. As a collectanea of pleadings, (Mr. S.'s notes, dissertations, and amendments excepted) this work is entitled to all the praise, which belongs to careful industry; and if not objectionable for reasons before suggested, will abridge the labours of the junior part of the profession. If there be errors in these forms, they are such as practical experience will detect. They are not discoverable by such an examination as is sufficient for the purposes of a review.

The notes and dissertations have increased the bulk and cost of the book, without increasing its value. So far as we have examined the notes, they contain only that common place learning, which every student, who has read Blackstone and an abridgment, in connection with the reporters, must be presumed to possess. Any man, tolerably well read in the law, might make from a dozen law books, with such notes and dissertations as Mr. Story's, nearly as many books as he could make different combinations of sound from the same number of harp strings. For what purpose are they introduced? They are either extracts from such books as every lawyer probably has in his library; or they are the opinions of the au-

thor. If merely extracts, it is inviting the profession to pay twice for the same thing. If they are Mr. Story's opinions, whom are they to instruct, and in what court are they to be read as authorities? Where shall we look for evidences of that soundness and wisdom, which will entitle that gentleman's *opinions*, in the most abstruse and difficult of sciences, to attention in a judiciary tribunal? To allow this to the author of this compilation, would be to accord to youth and inexperience *honours*, which are in England denied to men of talents and industry, who have grown grey in the forum.

As a proof of the common place learning of the "notes," we extract the following, whence a character of the whole may be deduced.

*Notes on the plea of infancy.*

In what manner infant should sue, and be sued, see ante Abatement, and 5 Com. Dig. 2. C. 1. 2.

The general rule is, that an infant can bind himself only for necessities suitable to his estate and degree. Jones 146. Palm. 528. 3 Com. Dig. Infant. B. 5. And necessities supplied to his wife are necessities supplied him. Str. 168.

But it shall not be intended for necessities, unless alleged; and therefore if Defendant pleads infancy, Plaintiff must reply necessities, for Demurrer would be bad. 2 Cro. 560.

And if the account be for necessities for horse, the Plaintiff should reply generally, that they were necessities for the infant; and not for his horse. Clowes v. Brooke. Str. 1101. Andr. 277.

In replying to a plea of infancy, the Plaintiff must shew enough in the replication to maintain every part of the declaration. And therefore, where Defendant pleaded infancy to the whole declaration, and one count was *for account stated*, and the Plaintiff replied necessities, it was adjudged bad; *for an*



*action will not lie on an account stated against an infant*; and if a replication, which is entire, be bad for a part, it is bad as to the whole. *Trueman v. Hurst*. 1 T. R. 40. *Webber v. Tivill*. 2 Saund. Rep. 124.

The Plaintiff may reply to part *full age*, and to the residue *for necessities*; though all be stated on the same day. 1 Salk. 223.

The Defendant may rejoin, that it was not for necessities *generally*; without saying that the money or any part thereof was not for necessities. *I. ut*. 241. *Carth*. 110.

And infancy may be given in evidence under the general issue without being pleaded. Salk. 279. *Darby v. Boucher*.—p. 95.

If we understand what the author intends by "occasional dissertations," we consider the following extract to be one, as contained in pages 97, &c. on coverture, being "notes on the plea of coverture."

Much discussion has taken place within a few years in the various courts of law upon the subject of the liability of *femes covert*. The general rule is acknowledged, that a *feme covert* can neither sue nor be sued alone; and that she is liable to no action upon any contract during her coverture; but the same is absolutely void.

The cases on this subject divide themselves into two classes, wherein exceptions have either been established, or attempted to be established, from the general rule.

I. The first class consists of cases, where the husband is considered as civilly dead, and of course where the wife would be entitled to dower in the same way, as if he were naturally dead, such as exile for life, abjuration, &c. and of modern cases, which have extended the principle of them.

If the husband was exiled for life, if he abjured the realm, or was professed, the wife might be sued as a *feme sole*. 2 Bl. Rep. 1081. *Co. Litt*. 133. 1 Com. Dig. Abate. E. 6. F. 2.

In conformity with the same princi-

ple, in a case, where coverture was given in evidence under the general issue, it appearing in evidence, that the husband was transported, and that his time was not yet expired, Justice Yates ruled, that the wife was liable. *Sparrow v. Carruthers* cited. 2 Bl. Rep. 1197. 1 T. R. 6; and Lord Mansfield in the case of *Corbett v. Poelnitz* said he had decided a case in the same way. 1 T. R. 7.

And in *Walford v. de Pienne*, where the goods had been delivered to the wife after the departure of the husband from the realm, *who was a foreigner*, Lord Kenyon ruled, that the wife was liable; and said, "that the present case came within the principle of the old common law, where the husband had abjured the realm.—If the husband had been absent for some months and then returned, and paid bills contracted by his wife in his absence, and again left the kingdom, he should hold the wife not liable; but here there was a desertion of the kingdom, and an absence of some years; and he was no longer domiciled here." 2 Esp. C. N. P. 554. And in the case of *Franks v. De Pienne*. Esp. N. P. C. 587, where an action was brought for goods, &c. delivered partly before and partly after the departure of the husband, Lord Kenyon ruled, that the wife was liable for the latter, and observed, that the rule laid down by him in *Walton v. De Pienne*, *applied only where the husband was a foreigner*. "For, in case of an Englishman, who may be supposed to have the animus revertendi, it might be different; but here is a complete desertion of the country."

The case of *De Gaillon v. L'Aigle*. 1 Bos. 357, seems to have been decided on the same ground; for it was there determined, *that if the husband reside abroad*, and the wife trade, and obtain credit in this country as a *feme sole*, she is liable for such debts, even though the party knew her situation. And Buller said, that it was like lady Belknap's case, where the husband was banished, but it does not appear whether for one or two years, or for life; and it was held sufficient to make lady Belknap liable. And he said, the rule had been extended to cases of transportation; and "that in those cases, the husband was sent out



of the country for crimes ; and in the principal case, he had voluntarily abandoned his, and for aught that appears, never was in England, and perhaps never may come. The wife has traded as a feme sole, has obtained credit as such, and ought to be liable for her debts." No notice is taken in the above case of the circumstance of the husband being a foreigner, nor does it appear in the pleadings ; though, that such was considered a principal ingredient in the case, seems to appear in a case, (*Marsh v. Hutchinson*. 2 Bos. 227,) where it was stated by the council. But, quere, if the replication was not bad in *De Gaillon v. L'Aigle*, if *the being a foreigner* was a necessary point in the case ; for no such averment is there made.

But since these cases were determined, the decisions in some of them have been considerably shaken, if not destroyed, by the great cases of *Marshall v. Rutton*. 8 T. R. 545. *Beard v. Webb*. 2 Bos. 95, and *Marsh v. Hutchinson*. 2 Bos. 226. The two former will be noticed hereafter.

The last (*Marsh v. Hutchinson*) tried in 1799, was an action for goods sold and delivered ; and on plea of non assumpsit, it appeared in evidence, that the Defendant was a married woman ; that her husband was *an Englishman* ; that in 1783 he left this country, and had occasionally been here since that period ; but, that about ten years ago, having purchased the appointment of agent for the English Packets at the Brill in Holland, he had resided there ever since ; that in 1795 his employment of agent having ceased, on the eruption of the French into Holland, he sent his wife into this country, but remained in Holland himself, to look after his madder grounds there ; and also with a view to recover his situation on the re-establishment of intercourse. The Defendant lived at A. and was there considered as a married woman. On the facts at the trial at N. P. the Plaintiff was non-suited, and now moved for leave to enter a verdict for himself, according to a reservation at the trial. The council for the Defendant insisted, that this case was distinguishable from *De Gaillon v. L'Aigle*, because *there the husband was a foreigner*. But

the council for the Plaintiff insisted, that the principle was the same in both cases, and that the husband being domiciled abroad, and beyond the jurisdiction of the court, was the ground of decision.

The court were of opinion, that the non-suit was right ; but deferred judgment until the case of *Marshall v. Rutton* was determined ; after which, the court at a subsequent day, declared the non-suit right, and discharged the rule.

In the above case of *Marsh v. Hutchinson*, Lord Eldon declared, that the question in that case, in the view of the law, might be reduced to this, "whether the Defendant's husband having been employed in Holland by the British government, he has remained there after the cessation of that employment, merely to collect, what the civilians call, *summas rerum*, or with any other, or further views. And yet, if it were clear that this man never intended to return to England, and might therefore be represented as incapable of being sued in this country, before we come to a conclusion upon the case, there are many considerations to be weighed." And he seemed to entertain great doubts, whether the principles of abjuration, &c. could be correctly extended to such a case ; and particularly, whether even in the case of *Sparrow v. Carruthers*, if the term of transportation had been ended, the wife would have been liable. For in the case of abjuration, he considered the husband civilly dead, and the wife entitled to dower, and thus in every respect a feme sole ; but temporary transportation could hardly be extended so far.

And Heath. Jus. in the same case said, that "there was a great difference between the cases of *an Englishman* residing abroad, leaving his wife in this country, and of *a foreigner*, so doing ; for in the former case he might be compelled to return by the king's writ ; but in the old cases of banishment and abjuration, and the modern case of transportation, the husband could not return. It would be contrary to law. *There is no case, in which the wife has been held liable, the husband being an Englishman.*"

This case was determined about the time of the case of *Marshall and Rutton* ; and the principles contained in,



and to be collected from it, seem to borrow much authority from the weighty discussion of that case by all the Judges. If the principles therefore contained in it be correct, they go far to invalidate the authority of *De Gaillon v. L'Aigle*; for if being a foreigner was the only ground of that determination, there being no averment to that effect in the pleadings, (as has been before intimated,) the case seems unsupported. And indeed it does not appear, that Buller relied much on that circumstance; for he seems to state, as the reason of his opinion, that "the wife having traded, as a feme sole, had obtained credit as such, and ought to be liable for her debts." It ought also to be remembered, that Buller had, on various occasions, appeared strongly to support the case of *Corbett v. Poelnitz*, and had been of opinion, that a separate maintenance was (as in that case,) a sufficient reason to make a feme covert personally liable; a doctrine, which has since been overthrown by a solemn decision, to which it does not appear, that Buller subscribed.

How far, indeed, the doctrine with respect to *foreigners* would be now acquiesced in, is for the diligent student to determine. In *Franks v. De Pienne*, Esp. N. P. C. 587, Lord Kenyon ruled in favour of it; and he, in delivering judgment in the case of *Marshall v. Rutton*, said, "that no authority could be found (except cases by that decision overruled,) that a woman may be sued, as a feme sole, while the relation of marriage subsists, and she and her husband are living in this kingdom." Lord Eldon's reasoning in *Marsh v. Hutchinson* will, perhaps, be thought to throw some doubt on the doctrine, as broadly laid down in the cases above with respect to foreigners.

II. The second class of cases alluded to, consist of cases decided upon the principle of separate maintenance, and separation of husband and wife.

The leading cases on this head, are *Ringstead v. Lanesborough*, *Barwell v. Brooks*, and *Corbett v. Poelnitz*. 1 T. R. 5, in which it was decided, that a feme covert living apart from her husband, and having a separate maintenance, may contract and be sued, as a feme

sole, whether her husband be in or out of the kingdom. See replication. 3 Went. 93.

Attempts were made in subsequent cases, to extend the principle; but they were all uniformly rejected.

In *Gilchrist v. Brown*. 4 T. R. 766, it was determined, that a feme covert living in adultery, and separate from her husband, cannot be sued as a feme sole, if she have no separate maintenance. And though Buller in *Cox v. Kitchin*, doubted the doctrine, (1 Bos. 338;) yet it appears established by what fell from Lord Kenyon in *Marshall v. Rutton*, where he said no case had decided the woman liable; though in *Govier v. Hancock*, it was adjudged, that in case of the wife committing adultery, the husband was not liable even for necessities. 6 T. R. 603. See plea and replication. 3 Went. 91, 93.

In *Ellah v. Leigh*. 5 T. R. 679, it was decided, that a replication alleging, that alimony was allowed by the ecclesiastical court pending a suit there, and that the Defendant obtained credit, and made the promises, as a feme sole, and not on the credit of her husband, was bad.

In *Clayton v. Adams*. 6 T. R. 604. it was decided, that a replication to a plea of coverture, that the wife lived apart from the husband, and carried on a separate trade, that the credit was given to her, and that the promises were made by her, was bad. See replication. 3 W. 93.

The doctrine in *Corbett v. Poelnitz*, expressly contravened the opinion of the court in *Hatchell v. Baddeley*. 2 Bl. Rep. 1079; and was in turn doubted in *Compton v. Collinson*. 2 Bro. Ch. Caf. 377. 1 H. Bl. 334, and in *Legard v. Johnson*. 3 Ves. jun. 358, and *Hyde v. Price*. 3 Ves. 444, and in *Ellah v. Leigh*, (above cited;) and subsequently in *Beard v. Webb*. 2 Bos. 93, and was finally, after two arguments before all the Judges, solemnly overthrown, in the celebrated case of *Marshall v. Rutton*. And the law is now settled, that a feme covert cannot contract without her husband, and that a separate maintenance, and living apart from her husband, will not render her liable as a feme sole.



These dissertations appear to be an attempt to do what the judges in England call "bringing the cases together," and, according to our recollection, the authorities are in the above instance well recited, and the inferences fairly drawn. This is one of Mr. Story's best efforts in this work. But we cannot imagine, that even the younger part of the profession can be much instructed by this essay. Few young men would consider themselves flattered in being told, that from a perusal of the same authorities they could make reflexions and deductions as wise and as pertinent. Such book making as this is an art of little difficulty ; and the exercise of it would do neither good nor hurt, if it did not encourage indolence, and induce men to part with their money without sufficient consideration.

We allow to the author of this book the merit of an industrious, and as far as we can judge, a fair compiler. In this world of ours, where the air we breathe seems to inspire sloth, and where indolence is more contagious and more fatal than the pestilence, the praise of diligence is no moderate praise. For the honour of American taste and literature, we wish, that the author had exhibited more modesty, than in applying to his work the words, which Lord Coke applies to some of his Reports. "*Illud a doctore pecto, vel ut corrigat sicubi erratum invenerit, vel saltem ne partem aliquam reprehendat, donec totum studiosè perlegerit, unde fortè fiet, ut pauciora criminetur.*" The language of great men should be sacred to great occasions. But experience proves, that it is much

more easy to adopt the language, than to rival the merit of that illustrious Judge, whose works will ever preserve to themselves that rank among lawyers, which the Iliad holds among the poets.

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ART. 62.

*A summary, historical, and political review of the revolution, the constitution, and government, of the United States : an oration, delivered at Sheffield, July 4, 1805, by the Hon. Barnabas Bidwell, Esq. Pittsfield, Allen. 8vo.*

ON the fourth of July, 1795, Barnabas Bidwell, Esq. delivered an oration at Stockbridge upon the celebration of American independence ; an oration remarkable for its zealous federalism, but the object of which was to prove, that the people of these United States were the only wise, virtuous, and happy nation upon earth ; and that all the rest of mankind were fools and villains, tyrants and slaves.

On the fourth of July, 1805, THE HONOURABLE BARNABAS BIDWELL, Esq. delivered at Sheffield, upon the celebration of American independence, the oration with the pompous title at the head of this article. In the course of the ten years, which elapsed between these two productions, the author's political creed has undergone considerable changes ; and as Lewis XII. never avenged the injuries of the Duke of Orleans, the Honourable Barnabas Bidwell holds in utter contempt the doctrines of plain Barnabas Bidwell, Esq. This Honourable man has discovered, that, at the very period of consummate felicity when he spoke his first ora-



tion, the American people, whom he then pronounced to be surrounded by such a radiance of bliss, were in truth deep in the dungeons of darkness ; governed by an administration, whose only object was to enslave them ; and yet so blind, as not to see the fetters forging for them. As the nature of human discovery is generally progressive, we may reasonably hope, that the increase of brightness and glory in this gentleman's imagination will keep pace with every successive change of administration ; and that, by the time he comes to be His Excellency, the joyous extacies of the present period will become as insipid to him, as are now the raptures, in which his humblest days delighted.

To those, who are fond of speculating on the nature of man and the character of governments, a comparison between these two discourses and a philosophical estimation of the sources, whence the important difference between the sentiments they respectively promulgate may be traced, will prove at once an instructive and amusing employment. With all the zeal of a convert, Mr. B. not only condemns now all that he admired in 1795, but he imputes the most invidious motives to those, who then thought like him. He passes sentence upon himself and gives up his own opinions to reprobation. We shall, in confirmation of this remark, extract a passage from the first oration, respecting democracy, and contrast it with certain passages in the second, relative to the same subject. In 1795, speaking of the French, Mr. Bidwell says,

From the rigours of unlimited monarchy it was natural for them to deviate into the *extreme of democracy*. Though they have not gone to the same extent as the ancient republics of Greece and Rome in their democratick days, but have admitted the great modern doctrine of representation, without which indeed no community of magnitude, sufficient to be denominated a nation, can govern themselves at all ; yet they have adopted the fundamental error of a concentration of powers in a single assembly, possessing in itself or by subordinate communications, the whole national authority, legislative, executive and judicial, and in effect the sovereign prerogative of modelling their own constitution. In the exercise of such a political omnipotence, unassisted by experience, uncontrolled by a *paramount constitution*, without the *needful balance* of a second branch deliberating by themselves, and equally entitled to a negative vote, and without the *check* of a *well constituted executive*, they have exhibited a succession of tragedies, at which the friends of liberty will in all countries blush, while her enemies exult in the acquisition of new arguments to support their favourite opinions, that Republicanism, however beautiful in theory, cannot stand the test of actual experiment.

We may safely challenge the whole host of anti-democracy to produce a passage in any writer where democracy is more cavalierly treated....not merely original and primary democracy, for that Mr. Bidwell will not allow to be any government at all for a nation, though practised by the republics of Greece and Rome *in their democratick days*....no, it is *representative democracy*, without the balance of a second legislative branch and the check of a well constituted executive, upon which he pronounces his anathema and to which he attributes all the successive and disgraceful tragedies of the French revolu-



tion. What says Mr. Bidwell in 1805 ?

Two rival systems of government have long divided the attachment of the world. For the sake of distinction they may be called *democratic* and *anti-democratic*. Democracy is a compound term derived from original Greek words, and signifying a government of the people. Such is that of the United States, and of this commonwealth. The very first words of the federal constitution "We the people of the United States" indicate its democratic character; and the constitution of Massachusetts in express terms declares that the people of this Commonwealth have the sole and exclusive right of governing themselves. It is not therefore, as has been pretended, a mere cant phrase, but the plain, unequivocal language of the constitution, that the people govern themselves. Our government then is a government of the people, a *Democracy* in the common and proper sense of the term, the only sense in which there is a democrat in the United States.

We cannot, without too much transgressing our limits, continue this extract through the pages where Mr. Bidwell considers the compound theory of three independent orders in government, as constituting the principal *anti-democratic* system of government. Now this is the identical system, for the want of which Mr. Bidwell in 1795 charged the French nation with all the horrors of their revolution. We say the identical system, because Mr. Bidwell knows full well, that the *real* speculative difference between the political parties in this country has no more relation to an *hereditary* executive or a *permanent senate of nobles*, than to original and primary democracy. The real question, he knows full well, is between supreme power in a single representative assembly, and a limited power in a

compound legislative with an independent executive and a paramount written constitution. This is the system of Mr. Adams. This is the system which Mr. B. so warmly favoured in 1795, and which he now unequivocally condemns.

For a mere change of opinion, though upon the fundamental principles of government, no imputation ought to be cast upon a man's heart. A public recantation of sentiments, publicly avowed, is far from being answerable. It is the mark of a fair and ingenuous mind. Had Mr. B. contented himself with professing at this period of his career his devotion to that very democracy which he had formerly reprobated, we should, without following him in his wanderings, have been willing to pay a just tribute to his candour; but when we see him sophistically changing the state of the question, to charge his former friends with advocating monarchy and aristocracy; when we find him whistling up all the hounds of party slander to fall upon those, with whom he so lately herded, we have no difficulty in discerning his purpose, and we justly estimate at once the extent of his mental powers and the complexion of his heart.

In describing the state of things under the federal administration.... that state of things which he once thought the consummation of bliss upon earth,.... Mr. B. now dips his pen in the very gall of party malignity, and among the numerous crimes, with which he charges the federalists, is their dislike of democracy. "Democrats were reproachfully stigmatised, and democracy, the essen-



tial principle of our national and state constitutions, *was charged with all the crimes of anarchy and atheism.*" Now, gentle reader, please to read over again the extract we have given you from Mr. B.'s Stockbridge oration, and tell us, whether the lines we have there underscored were pointed specially against it or not. We have never believed, that *any one* federalist ever intended the ruin of his country or the destruction of her freedom. Yet we know not how to resist the force of Mr. Bidwell's evidence against himself. We are sorry to see him prove so much against his own intentions; but we still hope, that in this last instance he speaks rather from consciousness, than from participation, and that what may be admitted as confession will have very little weight as testimony.

Mr. B.'s style is just such as might be expected from the author of two such orations, cold and languid; never sinking far below and never rising above the level of mediocrity. He sometimes labours for ornament, but his simplicity is too heavy to admit an alliance with the graces. The figure, in which he principally deals, is *insinuation*. He speaks of every thing as if he foresaw the possible future necessity of explaining away his meaning, and is prepared accordingly. His great aim seems to be the union of political inveteracy with the smile of candour, and the effusions of rancorous malevolence with the holiness of christian piety. Hence, after collecting and reissuing a compendium of ten years calumny against the federalists, he finally proposes to spread

a broad mantle of charity "over the *petty* animosities, which have too long divided us;" and after pouring the whole sink of defamation upon the party, whence he deserted, he talks of "grateful acknowledgments to the God of our fathers for past interpositions, and a humble reliance on his grace through the saviour for future blessings."

We are far however from thinking Mr. B. chargeable with inconsistency of purpose. The anti-democracy of 1795 and the democracy of 1805, may easily be traced to one uniform and undeviating principle. There is a good old song, in which a personage as pious as Mr. B. gives a history of his own political variations, where in the midst of similar and often repeated diversities, there is yet one thing of which he says,

And This is law I will maintain  
Until my dying day, Sir.

If Mr. B. should ever republish his two orations, we think these two lines, or others from the same song, would furnish him a suitable and appropriate motto.

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ART. 63.

*An oration, delivered at Biddeford on the fourth of July, 1805. By Joseph Bartlett. Saco, Wm. Weeks. 8vo. pp. 16.*

DR. JOHNSON somewhere remarks on certain poems, that he knows not whence they came, nor whither they are going. We have rather more knowledge of this oration, than Dr. J. had of those poems, for it certainly came from Biddeford; and we believe, that it is going with commendable rapidity to the land of forgetfulness.



*The Editors of the Monthly Anthology.*

GENTLEMEN,

IF "the amiable and venerable clergyman of Newburyport, who detected the error" of Dr. Morse, had exposed it in your pages, I should gladly have been spared the thankless task of doing it myself. It appeared, and still appears, to me an *egregious blunder*, that a man, when dead, should be forced to say a great many things, which his heart, whilst living, never conceived. However, nothing was farther from my mind, than the thought of contending with Dr. M. whose celerity and force in arguing are nowise impeded by the decisions of victory. In proof whereof, I beg you to observe, after evincing himself free from any sort of *blunder* in the case of Dr. W. how aptly and modestly he begins to revive the controversy concerning the Hollisian Professorship of Divinity, in which he was so fairly vanquished. You may, Messrs. Editors, if you please, take up the gauntlet, which the Dr. has thrown. But for myself, I shall no more think of opposing Dr. M. nor attempt to rectify any of his *errors*; and if he shall publicly write or teach, that Dr. Samuel Clarke was author of what is called the Athanasian creed, and shall thence infer, that the said Dr. S. Clarke lived and died a rigid trinitarian, I will not be so *uncandid* and *impolite*, as to disprove the inference, or deny the assertion.

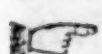
Sep. 5, 1805.

SALVIAN.

### MONTHLY CATALOGUE

OF NEW PUBLICATIONS IN THE U. STATES, FOR SEPTEMBER.

Sunt bona, sunt quædam mediocria, sunt mala plura.—Mart.

 We cannot too often repeat solicitations to authors, printers, and booksellers in the different parts of the United States to send us by the earliest opportunities (post paid) notices of all books which they have lately published, or which they intend to publish. The list of new publications contained in the *Anthology* is the only list within our knowledge published in the United States; and consequently the only one that can be useful to the publick for purposes of general reference. If authors and publishers will therefore consent to communicate, not only notices, but a copy of all their publications, such use might be made of them as would promote, what all unite in ardently wishing, the general interest of American literature, and the more extensive circulation of books.

#### NEW WORKS.

Report of the trial and acquittal of Edward Shippen, Esq. Chief Justice, Jasper Yates, and Thomas Smith, Esqrs. assistant Justices of the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania, on an impeachment before the Senate of the Commonwealth, Jan. 7, 1805. By W. Hamilton. Lancaster (Penn.) Price 2,50 in boards.

A Key to Mystery of Iniquity, or an address to men of candour and lovers of truth. By John West, of Fairfax county. Alexandria, Cotton and Stewart.

The Gamesters, or Ruins of Innocence; an original novel, founded in truth. By Caroline Matilda Warren. Boston, 1 dol.



A vindication of the distinguishing sentiments of the Baptists, against the writings of Cowles, Miller, and Edwards. By Elisha Andrews. A. M. pastor of the Baptist church in Templeton. Boston, Manning and Loring, 12mo. pp. 156.

Mode and subjects of Baptism examined, in seven sermons. To which is added, a brief history of the Baptists. By Daniel Merrill, A. M. pastor of the church of Christ in Sedgwick. Two editions. Boston, Manning and Loring. 12mo. pp. 104.

"Open Communion with all who keep the ordinances as Christ delivered them to the saints;" eight letters on open communion, addressed to Rufus Anderson, A. M. By Daniel Merrill, A. M. Pastor of the church of Christ in Sedgwick. Boston, Manning and Loring, 12mo. pp. 84. Price 40 cts. single.

The advantages of Association to promote useful purposes, illustrated in a Discourse, delivered in the second Congregational Church, Newport, August 1st, A. D. 1805, at the request of the Female Benevolent Society. By William Patten, A. M. Minister in said Church. Published by request, and for the benefit of the Society. Newport, (Rhode Island) printed at the office of the Newport Mercury, 1805.

Divine Breathings of a pious soul, published for the exclusive benefit of Miss Welch, who is deprived of sight. Boston, Josiah Ball.

Solemn Truths, stated and urged in a Lecture and Sermon: by the late Rev. John Springer, A. M. to which is prefixed a short sketch of the author's life, including a narrative of the exercises of his mind when he first became a professor of the christian religion: communicated in a letter to a gentleman in London. Price 50 cents. 'The late Mr. Springer was so well known in this state, (Georgia) that no observations are necessary to recommend any production of his—it may suffice to say, that of the numerous discourses delivered by this eminent divine, the above (it is believed) were the only two found intire among his papers after his death—these having been placed in the hands of the editors, they readily con-

cluded, that their publication would be useful to the publick, and gratifying to the numerous friends of the venerable deceased, by whom his character was held in the highest estimation.' Augusta, Georgia, Hobby & Bunce.

Minutes of the Warren Association, held at the Baptist Meeting-house in Warren, Sept. 10 and 11, 1805. Boston, Manning and Loring. 8vo. pp. 16.

A discourse delivered at Amherst, N. H. June 24, 1805, before the Benevolent Lodge of Free and accepted Masons, at the festival of St. John the Baptist. By Jeremiah Barnard, Pastor of the church in Amherst. Amherst, Joseph Cushing.

A sermon on the last Judgment, delivered at Poplar Creek Meeting-house, Wake county, North Carolina. By Leonard Prather, Pastor of the Presbyterian churches of Salem and Mount Hermon, Orange. Raleigh, N. C. Wm. Boylan, 8vo. pp. 16.

A sermon, delivered August 7, 1805, at the ordination of Rev. Perez Lincoln to the charge of the first church of Christ in Gloucester. By Peter Whitney, A. M. pastor of the Congregational society in Quincy. Boston, E. Lincoln.

A sermon, delivered at Sedgwick, May 15, 1805, at the ordination of the Rev. Daniel Merrill, to the pastoral charge of the Baptist church of Christ in that place. By Thomas Baldwin, D. D. pastor of the second Baptist church in Boston. Boston, Manning and Loring. 8vo. pp. 36.

"Three unclean spirits" combining against Jehovah. A Discourse, delivered at Haverhill on the 4th, and at Pelham on the 11th of April, 1805; days of publick Fasting and Prayer in Massachusetts and Newhampshire. By John Hubbard Church, Pastor of the church in Pelham. Amherst, Joseph Cushing.

A sermon, delivered at Hingham, Lord's day, May 5, 1805. By Henry Ware, A. M. Occasioned by the dissolution of his pastoral relation to the first church of Christ in Hingham, and removed to the office of Professor of divinity in the university at Cambridge. Together with an address from the church on the occasion, and his answer. Published at the request of the society. Boston, E. Lincoln. pp. 20.



The Shade of Plato: or, a defence of religion, morality, and government. A Poem, in four parts. By David Hitchcock. To which is prefixed, a sketch of the author's life. Hudson. H. Croswell. 12mo. price 37 cents.

The Christian Magazine, Reviewer, Religious Intelligencer, No. 2. By Elias Smith. Portsmouth.

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Poems from the Portuguese of Lues De Camoens, with remarks on his life and writings, notes, &c. &c. By Lord Viscount Strangford. 1 vol. 12mo. Philadelphia, Maxwell.

The select Dialogues of Lucian. To which is added, a new literal translation in Latin, with notes in English. By Edward Murphy, M. A. Philadelphia, Classick Press.

The celebrated poem of "The Sabbath." New York, Ronalds & Loudon.

Boyer's Lectures on diseases of the bones. 1 vol. 8vo. Philadelphia, James Humphreys.

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Cases in Surgery, by William Hey, Esq. with plates. Philadelphia, J. Humphreys.

Poems on various subjects, by Isabella Oliver of Cumberland county, Pennsylvania. 1 vol. 12mo. pp. 200. 75 cts. in boards, 87 bound.

A Geographical Chart: containing an abstract, from the best authorities, of the principal States and Kingdoms in the known world; in which the productions, population, principal cities, rivers, mountains, boundaries, length, breadth, latitude, longitude, exports, imports, &c. &c. are arranged in so conspicuous a manner, that the general circumstances of a country may be perceived at a glance. To be printed, with a fair type, on two large sheets. Price to subscribers 17 cents a set. Amherst, N. H. Joseph Cushing.

The Christian's Magazine, a periodical work. By a Society of Gentlemen. This publication will embrace the following subjects, viz. 1. Dissertations on the constitution and history of the Christian church. 2. Essays on church government, worship, and discipline. 3. Origin and history of the American church-



4. Sacred criticism. 5. Biographical sketches. 6. Reviews of theological publications. 7. Sermons and essays. 8. Religious intelligence. With the publication of the Magazine will be connected a plan for printing and distributing Religious Tracts. Each number, issued quarterly, to contain 120 pages, making annually an 8vo. vol. of 480 pages. Price 1,50 per vol. Albany.

## WORKS IN THE PRESS.

Collections of the Massachusetts Historical Society, Vol. I. for the year 1793. Second edition. Boston, Munroe & Francis.

A periodical work, entitled, The Christian Monitor. 12mo. pp. 192. boards. Price to subscribers, 30 cents each quarterly number, or 1,20 annually. Boston, Munroe & Francis.

A concise Introduction to Practical Arithmetick; in which all the rules that occur in common business are ap-

plied to Federal Currency. Designed for the use of schools in the United States. By Samuel Temple, A.M. 6th edition. Boston, Samuel Hall. pp. 118.

Democracy unveiled, third edition, with large additions. New York, I. Riley & Co.

Cullen's First Lines on Physiology. New York, Riley & Co.

Bullen's Nisi Prius. New York, Riley & Co.

New York Term Reports. Part 1st, Vol. 3d. New York, Riley & Co.

Fleetwood, or the New Man of Feeling, a new novel, by Godwin. New York, Riley & Co.

## PREPARING FOR THE PRESS.

The Spirit of the publick Journals; being an impartial selection of the best original poetry, essays, &c. which have appeared in the newspapers of the United States during the year 1805. 1 volume, closely printed. Baltimore.

## INTELLIGENCE.

A meeting of the printers and booksellers in the Western Country will be held in the town of Lexington, on the first Wednesday in October next. The object of this meeting is, to take such measures as may be thought most advisable to form an association among the printers and booksellers, similar to the *Literary Fair* in the Atlantick States, thereby to facilitate the publication and interchange of works of merit.

"Proposals will be issued from this office in a few weeks for publishing a complete edition of all the writings of the late celebrated Rev. JONATHAN EDWARDS, many of which, we believe, have never appeared in this country. The work will be edited by a number of literary divines, one or two of which reside in England, and will be interspersed with many valuable notes and comments, and will be comprised in about eight octavo volumes.

"Spy Office, Worcester, }  
(Ms.) Sept. 1805." }

Dr. Arneman, of Hamburgh, late Professor of Medicine in the University of Gottingen, and member of most of the Philosophical and Medical Societies

Vol. II. No. 9. Qqq

in Europe and America, has undertaken to superintend the foreign department of the Medical and Physical Journal, vacant by the decease of the late Dr. Noehden. The high consideration in which the Medical Journal is held on the Continent, cannot fail to be increased by this arrangement; and it may not be improper to add, for the information of the correspondents of this work, that of the unprecedented number of two thousand five hundred copies, which are circulated every month, nearly one thousand are sent to the Continent, to the East and West Indies, and to North America. The advantages of so large a monthly circulation is, in this work, equally felt by readers and by correspondents.

Mr. Cottle (the author of Alfred) is engaged in writing an heroic poem on the subjugation of Wales by Edward I. entitled The Fall of Cambria.

Mr. Irving, author of the Lives of the Scottish poets, lately published in two volumes octavo, is now engaged in preparing for the press, Memoirs of the Life and Writings of George Buchanan.

A selection of all the best epigrams in



The Shade of Plato: or, a defence of religion, morality, and government. A Poem, in four parts. By David Hitchcock. To which is prefixed, a sketch of the author's life. Hudson. H. Croswell. 12mo. price 37 cents.

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Poems on various subjects, by Isabella Oliver of Cumberland county, Pennsylvania. 1 vol. 12mo. pp. 200. 75 cts. in boards, 87 bound.

A Geographical Chart: containing an abstract, from the best authorities, of the principal States and Kingdoms in the known world; in which the productions, population, principal cities, rivers, mountains, boundaries, length, breadth, latitude, longitude, exports, imports, &c. &c. are arranged in so conspicuous a manner, that the general circumstances of a country may be perceived at a glance. To be printed, with a fair type, on two large sheets. Price to subscribers 17 cents a set. Amherst, N. H. Joseph Cushing.

The Christian's Magazine, a periodical work. By a Society of Gentlemen. This publication will embrace the following subjects, viz. 1. Dissertations on the constitution and history of the Christian church. 2. Essays on church government, worship, and discipline. 3. Origin and history of the American church-



4. Sacred criticism. 5. Biographical sketches. 6. Reviews of theological publications. 7. Sermons and essays. 8. Religious intelligence. With the publication of the Magazine will be connected a plan for printing and distributing Religious Tracts. Each number, issued quarterly, to contain 120 pages, making annually an 8vo. vol. of 480 pages. Price 1,50 per vol. Albany.

## WORKS IN THE PRESS.

Collections of the Massachusetts Historical Society, Vol. I. for the year 1793. Second edition. Boston, Munroe & Francis.

A periodical work, entitled, The Christian Monitor. 12mo. pp. 192. boards. Price to subscribers, 30 cents each quarterly number, or 1,20 annually. Boston, Munroe & Francis.

A concise Introduction to Practical Arithmetick; in which all the rules that occur in common business are ap-

plied to Federal Currency. Designed for the use of schools in the United States. By Samuel Temple, A.M. 6th edition. Boston, Samuel Hall. pp. 118.

Democracy unveiled, third edition, with large additions. New York, I. Riley & Co.

Cullen's First Lines on Physiology. New York, Riley & Co.

Bullen's Nisi Prius. New York, Riley & Co.

New York Term Reports. Part 1st, Vol. 3d. New York, Riley & Co.

Fleetwood, or the New Man of Feeling, a new novel, by Godwin. New York, Riley & Co.

## PREPARING FOR THE PRESS.

The Spirit of the publick Journals; being an impartial selection of the best original poetry, essays, &c. which have appeared in the newspapers of the United States during the year 1805. 1 volume, closely printed. Baltimore.

## INTELLIGENCE.

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A meeting of the printers and book-sellers in the Western Country will be held in the town of Lexington, on the first Wednesday in October next. The object of this meeting is, to take such measures as may be thought most advisable to form an association among the printers and booksellers, similar to the *Literary Fair* in the Atlantick States, thereby to facilitate the publication and interchange of works of merit.

"Proposals will be issued from this office in a few weeks for publishing a complete edition of all the writings of the late celebrated Rev. JONATHAN EDWARDS, many of which, we believe, have never appeared in this country. The work will be edited by a number of literary divines, one or two of which reside in England, and will be interspersed with many valuable notes and comments, and will be comprised in about eight octavo volumes.

"Spy Office, Worcester, }  
(Ms.) Sept. 1805." }

Dr. Arneman, of Hamburgh, late Professor of Medicine in the University of Gottingen, and member of most of the Philosophical and Medical Societies

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in Europe and America, has undertaken to superintend the foreign department of the Medical and Physical Journal, vacant by the decease of the late Dr. Noehden. The high consideration in which the Medical Journal is held on the Continent, cannot fail to be increased by this arrangement; and it may not be improper to add, for the information of the correspondents of this work, that of the unprecedented number of two thousand five hundred copies, which are circulated every month, nearly one thousand are sent to the Continent, to the East and West Indies, and to North America. The advantages of so large a monthly circulation is, in this work, equally felt by readers and by correspondents.

Mr. Cottle (the author of Alfred) is engaged in writing an heroick poem on the subjugation of Wales by Edward I. entitled The Fall of Cambria.

Mr. Irving, author of the Lives of the Scottish poets, lately published in two volumes octavo, is now engaged in preparing for the press, Memoirs of the Life and Writings of George Buchanan.

A selection of all the best epigrams in



the English language will speedily appear, under the title of the British Martial.

Mr. Beloe is printing Anecdotes of Literature, from rare books in the British Museum and other valuable libraries.

Mr. Roberts, author of a Treatise on Voluntary and Fraudulent Conveyances, is preparing a Treatise on the great Statute of Frauds and Perjuries; in which the influence of that statute upon contracts for sales, wills, judgments, and executions, will be the subject principally considered.

Mr. Cruise is preparing for the press the fifth and sixth volumes of his Digest of the Laws of England respecting real Property.

Mr. John Newland, of the Inner Temple, is preparing a Treatise on Contracts, as far as they fall within the jurisdiction of a court of equity.

The fifth volume of the Supplement to Mr. Viner's abridgment is preparing for publication.

Mr. W. D. Evans has in the press A Translation of Pothier's Treatise on Obligations; with Illustrations adapted to the English Law.

The travels undertaken by Messrs. Alexander von Humboldt and Aime Bonpland, into the interior of America excite general interest. In fact there are few countries so worthy of the attention and investigation of enlightened men, and few travellers have combined with the spirit of observation, and the numerous attainments and talents possessed by Messrs. von Humboldt and Bonpland, such ardour for the improvement of the sciences, such courage and success in the execution of the plan they had formed. Messrs. Levrault, Schöll, and Co. have published a Prospectus of the Travels of these gentlemen, the publication of which has been committed to them by the authors. Travellers, say they, have, in general, introduced all their observations into the body of their works. M. von Humboldt has, however, thought proper to follow a contrary method, and to treat separately of objects which are of a different nature. He is, therefore, determined first to give to the public detached collections containing whatever relates more particularly to astronomy,

geology, botany, zoology, &c. before he publishes what may properly be denominated his Travels, which will embrace everything connected with general physics, the origin of nations, their manners, their civilization, prosperity, antiquities, commerce, and political economy. Of this portion of his observations, and the History of his Travels, he will at present publish only an abridged account, entitled Abridged Relation of Travels between the Tropicks, performed in the Interior of the new Continent, in the years 1799, 1800, 1801, 1802, and 1803. Messrs. Humboldt and Bonpland, continue the publishers, being united by the ties of the most intimate friendship, having shared all the fatigues and all the dangers of this expedition, have agreed that all their publications shall bear their names conjointly. The preface of each work will announce to which of the two each distinct part belongs. This arrangement will accelerate the enjoyment of the public, and will facilitate to a greater number the means of acquiring what will demand a less advance at a time. Besides, it is not agreeable to be interrupted in the midst of a narrative, sometimes by the details of an astronomical observation, and at others by the description of a plant or an unknown animal. He will publish, at the same time, his astronomical observations, and the tables of his barometrical and geodesical measures, under the title of Collection of astronomical Observations and Measures executed in the New Continent; and, as in his Voyage, he confines himself in mentioning an altitude to the statement of it, without saying whether it was found by the barometer or whether it was founded on geodesical measures. M. Humboldt then collects into a separate work all the phenomena presented by the atmosphere and the soil of the equinoctial regions. This work, the result of all the investigations undertaken by our philosopher during his five years travels in both hemispheres, is entitled, Essay on the Geography of Plants, or physical Picture of the equinoctial Regions, founded on the Observations and Measures taken between the Latitude of 10° South and 10° North, in 1799, 1800, 1801, 1802, and 1803. A large plate



represents a section passing over the summit of Chimborazo, carried from the coasts of the South Sea to the shores of Brazil. It indicates the progressive vegetation from the interior of the soil which contains cryptogamous plants, to the perpetual snows which are the limits of all vegetation. Among these is distinguished the vegetation of palm trees, &c. that of fern-trees, quinquina, and gramineous plants. The name of each plant is written at the height at which it is found according to the measures determined by M. von Humboldt. Fourteen scales, placed on each side of the table, relate to the chemical composition of the air, of its temperature, of its hygroscoical and cyanometrical state, of the electrical phenomena, of the horizontal refraction, of the decrease of gravitation, of the culture of the soil, of the height at which the different kinds of tropical animals live, &c. It is, without doubt, the most general physical table, of any portion of the globe, ever attempted. The same book-sellers are likewise printing two other works, which belong to descriptive natural history; one on botany and the other on zoology. The herbary which these travellers brought from Mexico, the Cordilleras of the Andes, the Orinoko, Rio Negro, and the river of Amazons, is one of the richest in exotic plants that was ever conveyed to Europe. Having long resided in countries which no botanist had ever visited before them, it is easy to conceive how many new genera and species there must be among the 6300 kinds which they collected under the tropics of the new continent. Were they to publish at once the systematic description of all these vegetables, they would employ several years in ascertaining what is really new, or they would run the risk of publishing, under new names, plants already known. It therefore appeared preferable to give, without any regular order, the designs of the new genera and species, which they have been able sufficiently to determine, and to publish at a subsequent period, a work without plates, which contain the diagnoses of all the species, systematically arranged. It is with this view that they publish the Equinoctial Plants collected in Mexico, the Island of Cuba, the Provinces of Caraccas,

Cumana, and Barcelona, in the Andes of New Grenada, Quito and Peru, on the banks of Rio Negro, the Orinoko, and the River of Amazons. Messrs. Humboldt and Bonpland have been equally fortunate in making interesting discoveries in zoology and comparative anatomy. They have collected, in great numbers, descriptions of animals hitherto unknown; monkeys, birds, fish, amphibious animals; for example, the axalotl of the lakes of Mexico, a problematical animal of a nature similar to theameleon. M. von Humboldt has made drawings of numerous objects of comparative anatomy, relative to the crocodile, the sea-cow, the sloth, the lama, and the larynx of monkeys and birds. He has brought over a collection of skulls of Indians, Mexicans, Peruvians, and natives of the banks of the Orinoko; and these drawings are not less interesting for the history of the different races of our species than for anatomy. These materials, among which will be found a notice on the fossil elephants' teeth found at the elevation of 2600 yards above the sea, will appear in numbers, under the title of *Collection of Observations in Zoology and comparative Anatomy, made during Travels between the Tropics*. While these various works are in the course of publication, M. von Humboldt will complete the engraving of the Geological Atlas of the Cordilleras of the Andes and of Mexico, containing profiles founded on measured heights; of the Essay on geological Pagiography, or on the manner of representing the phenomena of the stratification of the rocks, by perfectly simple signs; and of the Geographical Atlas, which will contain a map of the river la Madelaine, in four plates; others of the Orinoko, Rio Negro and Cassiquiare, and the general map of the kingdom of New Spain: the latter will be accompanied with a statistical account of the country. All these maps were drawn by M. von Humboldt himself, from his own astronomical observations, and a great number of interesting materials which he collected. He will, at the same time, put the finishing hand to the first volume of his *Travels*. To the subjects already mentioned as being particularly treated of in that work



should be added, observations on the climate relative to organisation in general ; considerations on the ancient state of civilization of these regions and detailed notices on the management and produce of the mines. A folio volume of engravings will exhibit several views of the Cordilleras, and valuable designs of the antiquities of Mexico and Peru, such as the elegant carabesques which cover the ruins of the ancient palace, several enormous pyramids constructed of brick, statues, and chronological monuments, which have a very striking analogy to those antiquities of Indostan with which we are acquainted. Several of these plates are already engraved with great care. As M. von Humboldt publishes these different works at the same time in German and French, both editions may be considered as originals. The Equinoctial Plants, by M. Bonpland, will appear only in French ; a great part of the text being in Latin, it will therefore be understood by the literati of all Europe.

A Collection of Letters, which passed between Leibnitz and several of his correspondents, and which had not hitherto been given to the world,

has lately been published at Hanover.

By an Imperial Ukase in the Court Gazette of Petersburg, the rights of citizenship have been given to the Jews throughout the whole extent of the Russian dominions. The children of the Jews will, henceforth, be admitted, like the other Russian subjects, into the schools, colleges, and universities. The Hebrews will be divided into four classes ; viz. of farmers ; artificers and workmen ; merchants ; and citizens. The farmers will be free, and, as well as the artificers, may purchase lands ; and those who wish to engage in agriculture, and have no fortune, are to have a certain portion of the crown lands. Those who will establish manufactories are to enjoy, in their commerce, all the franchises of Russian subjects.

Professor Kiefewetter has made a variety of observations on the *Deaf and Dumb*, at Berlin ; and he has discovered, that, when taught to speak, they have a great tendency to speak in rhyme !

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\*  
ACCOUNT  
OF  
THE REV. DR. PALEY.

THE chapters in which he discusses the duties and interests of those who govern kingdoms are no less worthy of attention ; and in the latter part of the volume he investigates the causes of national prosperity, and the means by which they may be rendered most efficacious, with a degree of skill and originality which may justly intitle him to be ranked among the greatest masters of the science of political economy. The political writings of Dr. Paley have been studied and admired by the most illustrious statesmen of the present times. It would be useless to enumerate the praises with which they have been honoured ; but the last and perhaps the most enviable that were bestowed on them, were connected with circumstances so peculiar as to be de-

*Continued from p. 445.*

serving of mention. In the debate on the Catholic Question twelve days before his death, Mr. Fox in the House of commons read two passages from his work which contained the leading ideas of the celebrated speech delivered on that occasion. Both of these Mr. Fox prefaced with very high compliments, and when speaking of the first said that the author, *though living*, ought not to be defrauded of his due praise, and that he therefore would not conceal his name. This expression was imperfectly understood by most of the reporters, who in their accounts of the debate represented Mr. Fox as describing him to be *not living*, and spread about the kingdom false intelligence that he was dead just when he was labouring under the illness which was the cause of his



death. His friends had scarcely enjoyed the pleasure of contradicting it, when they heard another report which could not be doubted of. The illness was violent, and continued three weeks; Dr. Paley therefore probably never felt the satisfaction which the honours paid to him on that night must have communicated, had they been made known to him. For what writer, however distinguished his talents, and however exalted his reputation, could be insensible to its having been pronounced by such an eulogist as Mr. Fox, on such an occasion, and in such an assembly, "that no man who valued genius, no man who valued learning, no man who valued moderation, could bear his opinions without deference and respect!" It would argue a want of merit in a work such as Dr. Paley's, deciding on the questions which have most divided and agitated mankind, if it had not excited a great body of opposition. This proof of its merit has not been wanting; but it has now flourished twenty years in the approbation of the world, a length of time in which it has outlived most of the treatises in which it was attacked, and their titles can scarcely be recollected. Mr. Gisborne is the most known opponent of Dr. Paley, but his reputation is not owing to what he has written against him. He has endeavoured to shew that Dr. Paley intended to establish the principle of his philosophy in entire independence of the christian rules, and deduces a frightful train of consequences from the supposition; though its application is expressly confined to those cases in which christianity has left us without any rules to guide us, and it surely can never be at war with that to which it was formed to yield. That this important restriction, which is not only laid down in the plainest and most decisive terms, but is interwoven throughout the introductory chapters of the work, should have been overlooked by Mr. Gisborne shews a degree of inattention not quite excusable in a writer who undertook to confute Dr. Paley; but that the error growing out of the oversight should be insisted on in an edition published ten years after the first, is an inexplicable difficulty in the production of a man whose moral character is high-

ly respectable and whose literary reputation is not contemptible. Mr. Gisborne has also endeavoured to terrify his readers by an enumeration of the evils which will result from the general adoption of the principle; but the principle is, that in order to determine which of two actions is the most virtuous, we should consider which will most contribute to the happiness of mankind both in its immediate and general consequences. Whenever therefore Mr. G. has shewn the evils which will result from the preference of any mode of conduct, he has given reasons why it should not be preferred. Dr. Paley's next publication was of the "*Horæ Paulinæ*." This is not the most popular of his works, though it perhaps is that which is most admired by his judicious readers for the originality of the design and the vigour of the execution. It is an exposition and consideration of the evidences of the truth of the christian religion, which may be derived from the conversion and ministry of St. Paul. Not long after this work had made its appearance (in 1789) Dr. James York, the present Bishop of Ely, offered him the mastership of Jesus College, Cambridge, of which he has the disposal in right of his see. This was a singular instance of honourable and disinterested patronage. His lordship had never seen Dr. Paley, he had no knowledge of his friends, he was influenced solely and entirely by the reputation of his talents, and by a wish to render them serviceable in a high academical situation. His preferments in the north of England and the engagements they imposed upon him, induced him to decline the offer after a very long hesitation, which, he has been heard to say, would probably have terminated otherwise, if he had not accidentally overlooked a small field belonging to the master of Jesus, and he expressed his gratitude to the Bishop in a dedication of the "*Evidences of Christianity*."

The "*Evidences of Christianity*" was published in 1794. This is one of Dr. Paley's most elaborate and successful performances. Containing a general view of the evidences of our religion, it is better adapted to the wants of the common reader than an argument, however masterly, which is confined to a



single subject. It is distinguished in an eminent degree, by that happy combination of sagacity, force and perspicuity which appears in all his writings. The publication of the "Evidences of Christianity" seems to have roused those who had the disposal of the great preferments of the church, into some notice of Dr. Paley; for excepting Dr. Edward Law, the late Bishop of Carlisle, Dr. Vernon, the present Bishop, who had given him a living before it took place, and the Bishop of Ely, whose intentions in his favour have been mentioned with their due praise, no one of the episcopal bench had hitherto shewn any sensibility of his merit. The Bishop of Lincoln set an example and offered him the subdeanry of Lincoln, but with a condition that he should vacate his stall in the cathedral of Carlisle, and procure the Bishop the liberty of naming his successor, with which Dr. Vernon enabled him to comply. Soon afterwards the Bishop of Durham promised the presentation to the valuable living of Bishop-Wearmouth, in the county of Durham, if he should be allowed to present to two other livings then held by Dr. Paley, and on that occasion Dr. Vernon and the Dean and Chapter of Carlisle, who were the patrons, very readily transferred their rights to his lordship. What he owed to the Bishops of Lincoln and Durham was to difference between what he received, and what they required the power of disposing of: and although that difference was considerable the fact is deserving of mention; because it would be injustice to Dr. E. Law, Dr. York, Dr. Vernon, and the Dean and Chapter of Carlisle, who were the \* only disinterested patrons of Dr. Paley, to allow others to partake of that honour, who did not make the necessary sacrifices to deserve it. After Dr. Paley had become sub-dean of Lincoln and rector of Bishop-Wearmouth, his residence was divided between those two places, his summers being spent at the latter, and his winters at the former. He now undertook and proceeded slowly with his last work the "Natural Theology," which was not publish-

ed until the end of the year 1802. He professes to have chosen this subject, because, with those he had already treated of, it formed a system which was complete, though its parts had been produced in an inverted order. In his Natural Theology, *Horæ Paulinæ*, and Evidences of Christianity, he proved the truth of religion, natural and revealed; and in his Moral and Political Philosophy taught the duties which result from and are sanctioned by the proof. He had undoubtedly another reason for the choice of this subject, that it was eminently adapted to his talents. To reason perspicuously and illustrate happily, were the powers by which he was most distinguished, and what other subject offered such admirable materials to exercise them? He has traced and shewn the marks of wisdom and design in various parts of the creation, but has dwelt principally on those which may be discovered in the constitution of the human body. The book contains almost a complete treatise of anatomy, which, by the observations he has interspersed, and by the excellence of his descriptions, he has contrived to render interesting even to those who read without any previous knowledge of the science. To be secure of immortality an author must be recommended either by striking excellencies of language or of sentiment, or by an happy arrangement of the parts of his subject, which renders them necessary to each other and incapable of separation. Valuable matter cannot alone preserve the name of the author, for of that he may be plundered by the writers of a succeeding age, who being able to consult its taste, will necessarily be more popular than an ancient whose productions have not some intrinsic superiority. Dr. Paley is not remarkable for elegant periods or splendid sentiments. He seems to have been less ambitious of pleasing the ear than of informing the understanding; for if we except the dedication of the "Moral and Political Philosophy," some chapters in the same work, (particularly that "On reverencing the Deity,") and the conclusion of the "Natural Theology," which contain some of the most elegant and dignified passages to be found in the language; the general characteristic

\* The Bishop of London gave him a prebend of St. Paul's, which was of very small value.



of his writings is plainness and simplicity. But this is the genuine didactic style, he has imparted to it all those numerous graces of which it is capable. It will be universally allowed that no author ever wrote so pleasingly on the subjects he has treated of. The force and terseness of his expressions is not less admirable than the strength of his conceptions, and there is both in his language and his ideas a peculiarity of manner stamped by the vigour and independence of his mind, which cannot be borrowed, and which will therefore perpetuate his reputation. He has merit to deserve readers, and allurements to attract them, and will preserve a high rank among the writers of his country, who can command the attention of posterity. Dr. Paley was twice married, and has left eight children by his first wife, four sons and four daughters. In private life he had nothing of the philosopher. He entered into little amusements with a degree of ardour, which, when contrasted with the superiority of his mind, had a pleasing effect and constituted a very amiable trait of his character. He was fond of company, which he had extraordinary powers of entertaining; nor was he at any time more happy, than when communicating the pleasure he could give by exerting his unrivalled talents of wit and humour. No man was ever more beloved by his particular friends, or returned their affection with greater sincerity and ardour. That such a man and such a writer should not have been promoted to the Bench of Bishops cannot be esteemed creditable to the times in which we live. It is generally understood that Mr. Pitt recommended him to his Majesty some years ago for a vacant bishoprick, and that an opposition was made from a very high quarter of the church, which rendered the recommendation ineffectual. All those great services which demanded a large debt of gratitude both from his profession and from mankind, were not it seems, thought sufficient to atone for having advanced some opinions, of which the tendency was at the worst only doubtful, and which, those who condemned the author, could not perhaps have proved to be worthy of reprobation.—*Mon. Mag.*

*Deaths in Boston, from August 22 to September 26, as reported to the Board of Health.*

	M.	F.	Ch.
Apoplexy	2		
Cancer		2	
Canker			12
Childbed		1	
Cholera infantum			37
Colic, bilious	1		
Colliquative diarr.		1	
Consumption	7	10	8
Convulsions			1
Cramp		1	
Debility		1	
Dropfy		2	
Dysentery		3	17
Dysentery & hooping c.			6
Fits			3
Fever, bilious	3	6	1
Fever, malignant	1		
Fever, nervous	2	1	
Fever, slow and nervous		1	2
Fever, typhus	1	2	2
Hooping cough			6
Infantile complaints			5
Intoxication	1		
Lues Venerea		1	
Marasmus		1	4
Old age	4		
Quinsy			1
Spasms			1
Suicide	1		
Spina bifida			1
Worms			4
Unknown	1	3	13
	24	36	124
4 from the alms h.			Total 183

MEDICAL REPORT.

*Statement of Diseases in Boston for September.*

In August the diseases of the season were found mostly among teething children. In this month adults and older children have been much more frequently affected with disease, and infants somewhat less than in the last. Among adults by far the most prevalent disease has been typhus mitior;—this, though sometimes severe and tedious, has rarely been fatal. Typhus gravior rarely, and dysentery more frequently, have been met with. Cholera morbus,



colic, and diarrhoea have also occurred in some instances. Among infants, cholera infantum and patullis continue to prevail; the former has re-appeared in many cases, where it had been removed in the earlier part of the season, and in form has assumed the character of dysentery.

Notwithstanding the long bills of mortality, which have been presented to the publick, we feel authorised to remark, that the diseases of this season have very rarely proved fatal, where medical assistance has been obtained in their early stages.

### *Editors' Notes.*

From the author of the "Science of Sanctity" we have received an "address" to the Reviewers, intended as a reply to the review of his book in our last number, and introduced by the following alarming epistle, which is enough to make stouter hearts than ours to tremble.

"Messieurs Editors,

"You are respectfully requested to publish in your Anthology for the month of September, the following address to the Gentlemen Reviewers, by the Author of the "Science of Sanctity," in defence of that original production which they have wantonly and unmercifully handled and mangled, in your August Anthology under the pretence and name of reviewing it. Your refusal or neglect, as soon as known, will necessitate him, in compliance with the first law of nature, self defence, immediately to publish the same, with proper additional Strictures, which may eventually, though by no means his design, operate to the discredit, and detriment of your excellent work, and to the obstruction of the future utility of the particular branch of reviewing, which answers a very good purpose when conducted with candour, and skill, by men of science and critical ability.

"I am, Gentlemen, with proper consideration

"Your well wisher,

"THOS. FESSENDEN.

"Walpole, Sept. 16, 1805."

Now we think that our readers, and Mr. Fessenden himself, will acquit us of unfairness in not inserting his reply, when we assure them that its length alone would justify us in the refusal. We should not be faithful to the interests of our small publication, if we consented to fill eight pages with the clamours of an incensed author, and upon the subject of a work unknown to many and uninteresting to most of our readers. If Mr. S. should be so cruel as to publish his strictures in any form, which would bring them regularly under our cognizance, we shall be happy to pay them all proper attention; but if in any other form, we have only to

recommend it to those, who may chance to read the review, or the strictures, to open for their satisfaction, and read, if they can, the "Science of Sanctity."

We must apologize to our readers for the omission of the reviews of the histories of New England, which were promised in our last. They were prepared for insertion, and actually sent to the press, but the unforeseen length of the reviews of the Historical Collections and Story's Pleadings, together with the general pressure of materials, have compelled us to postpone them to the next number. It is one of our principles never without necessity to divide any article. If what we write is ever read with pleasure, and we have vanity enough to believe that the Anthology is not always read altogether without interest, the effect is diminished when it is divided.

To the writers of the Literary Wanderer we owe our thanks for the kindness and punctuality with which they have contributed their exertions to the support of the Anthology. The failure of every preceding attempt to support a miscellany in New England has been ascribed to the number of periodical Essays, with which they were filled. The observation seems judicious, and it only remains then for us to decide between the Literary Wanderer and the Remarker. With the usual partiality, and perhaps with the usual blindness of parents, we have decided in favour of our own offspring. They will allow us therefore very gratefully to bid them farewell.

In the number for October we hope to offer a life of Dr. Bentley, reviews of Adams's, and Morse and Parish's Histories, of the Salem Salust, of Linn's Powers of Genius, &c. &c.

It is not a new request of ours, that authors, who wish that their works should be reviewed, would send copies of them to our publishers. When this is done, we willingly engage either to review or return them; when it is not done, especially by authors who are near Boston, we shall be governed entirely by our own convenience in the choice of the books that we review.

We cannot take leave of the Author of the Poem, the publication of which we have now closed, without giving him our thanks, and expressing our hopes that his first offering to the Anthology will not be his last. All who read "Seduction" will join with us in thinking, that it is the offspring of a man of talents and taste, who has given his days and nights to the study of the most perfect masters of the English lyre.

ERRATA.—Page 448, first column, 12th line from bottom, for "Hispalla" read "Hispula." P. 450, 2d col. 11 l. from top, for "sublimed" r. "and sublimed."